The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

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"He has an ironclad alibi, chief. Ten people saw him flicking his Bic a mile away."

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Illustration by George DeHoff

...FORTY...

Enki Bilal made his first appearance here with "Crossroads of the Universe," in our fourth issue. He was back exactly one year later with "The Death of Orfaon," his first story for us in color. But his real impact on American readers came with "Exterminator 17," a six-part serial that began in our October 1978 issue.

Now, after a number of shorter pieces, Bilal begins his second serial for us, "Progress!" Originally serialized in *Pilote* in 1976 as "Le Vaisseau de Pierre," the story by Chrisin has a close-focus sense of here-and-now reality that contrasts with the space-exploring future-oriented Bilal pieces we've run before. But although the fantasy in the story is only hinted at in the first installment, this issue, it builds steadily as the story progresses and the Forces of Progress meet their match in the Primal Forces of Old.

In Diana Bletter's interview with Bilal (page 9), he talks about his newest work, "La Foire aux Immortels," which is still being serialized, as I write this, in *Pilote*. We plan to bring this story to you in the near future.

Jeronimon, whose "Champakou" concluded here last issue, is working now on an Egyptian story, and plans to follow it with a sequel to "Champakou." As soon as we can we'll be publishing these stories here.

Ribera and Godard's "The Alchemist Supreme" gathers momentum with its third installment this issue—while Axle learns the truth about his sidekick Musky. Ribera and Godard have also done a sequel to "The Alchemist Supreme" called "What is Reality, Papa?" You'll read it here before the end of the year.

And Moebius is back again with the first installment of a two-parter, "Shore Leave." The final eighteen pages will be in our August issue.

Starting next issue is a new major work by Druillet: "Salammbo." In "Salammbo" Druillet demonstrates his newly acquired mastery of the airbrush with some stunning work that represents a major advance for him.

Looking ahead, we're devoting September to a special Rock issue. Our French compatriots at *Metal Hurlant* have put out two Rock specials in as many years, and we've skimmed off the cream: stories by Voss, Macedo, Hé, Druillet, Alias, and Moebius, among others, to which we've added a brand new "Trashman" story by Spain, a new story about the young Elvis by Matena, and special installments of "Changes" and "Rock Opera"—a powerhouse issue all the way!

—Ted White

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CHAIN MAIL

Dear Mr. White:

I've received the April 1980 issue of your amazing magazine, in which you are publishing stories by artists I like very much.

I was deeply touched by reading what Maurice Horn writes in his column about me and my work. Please tell him I thank him very much.

My book *Emmanuelle* will be published in the States shortly. I hope you will enjoy it. I hope my comic strips "Valentina" and "Anita" will soon have an English edition in the States, too.

Guido Crepax
Milan, Italy

Heavy Metal:

I don't always agree with Maurice Horn, but this time I do.

Guido Crepax is great! Since I don't read Italian, I've suffered the pangs of doubt as to what his beautiful and mysterious work meant. (I saw it in *Ali-Baba*, a mag Horn failed to mention.) I've sought English translations in vain.

Horn says Crepax's only English work is *Story of O*. How about filling the void? Translated "Valentina" would be great . . .Please?

Also, Bonvicini's "Sturmtruppen" is great. If you can imagine "Beetle Bailey" in the German army in World War II, you'd be close. How about a few months of that translated? Maybe to embellish your text pages?

Howard Davis
Pitman, NJ

Dear Ted:

The columns started in *HM* are an excellent addition to your magazine. I especially enjoyed the interview with Stephen King and the history of underground comix (I hate that spelling). Please have more movie, book, and comic reviews. I only wish you would add a little more emphasis on "aboveground" comics.

Now about the art and stories themselves. I think one of the major problems with your magazine is that you fail to take illustrated science fantasy as a serious art form. Science fiction, or more accurately speculative fiction, has made such great strides in recent years, but your magazine has lagged behind. *HM* still concentrates on insignificant stories with a heavy emphasis on sex. Do you really think the majority of your readers buy your magazine for sex scenes? Put a little more thought-provoking stories in *HM*.

Also, some of the artwork in your magazine is so crude it could pass for some of the work of the so-called "golden age" of comics. Can the artwork by Moebius, Stiles, Cruse, Howarth, and Matena equal the work of Corben, McKie, Suydam, or Kirchner? The latter four are the best artists that I have seen in your magazine thus far. Also, I wish to add my name to the legion of fans that would like to see more American artists in *HM*.

Kenneth Loeper
Lewistown, Pa.

Dear Chain Mail:

Bravo to Richard Corben for "Beast of Wolfton" [April 1980], and especially his creation of Lady Chabita. Never have I met a heroine so unchangeable, so unswerved from her man-hatred by the various efforts of her husband and the Beast's sad story . . .She was (is) a delight, from the first bedroom tussle to the final, satisfying (startling!) *chunk* of the axe.

M. Browne
Chicago, Ill.

"Satisfying"?—TW

Editor:

For what it's worth, I enjoy stories with *narrative*, as opposed to those with disconnected panel after disconnected panel. I gather the new editor is distinguished, or long lasting in this field, but I enjoyed the magazine more a year ago than I have the last three issues. There's something that has begun to feel *serious* and *intense* about it all; a lack of *playfulness* that was so refreshing before seems to have crept in. As if you now want to take yourselves seriously.

Here's a vote for more full-frontal nudity and the wilder regions of sex that seemed to flourish in the magazine.

As I didn't enjoy "Champakou," except for the Caza and Bilal the issue was a bust. They are what *Heavy Metal* is all about—to me! (Apparently every reader has a different "perfect" *Heavy Metal* in mind.)

Donald Porter
New York, NY

You want "more full-frontal nudity," but you didn't like "Champakou"? You're a hard guy to please, Donald. As for our seriousness, maybe you should compare notes with Kenneth Loeper; he doesn't think we're serious enough.—TW

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed please find photos of our van. My wife and I are very proud of it. We had a tough time choosing a theme. It was between our three favorite things: "Sympathy for the Devil" (the Rolling Stones), *Alien*, and *Heavy Metal*. Well, now you know what our favorite thing is.

We travel quite a bit to Truck-Ins (a three-day gathering of vanners from all over, to drink, party, and show off our vans).

We also plan to travel to the sanctioned shows. These are the National Rod and Custom Association and the International Show Car Association. We took first place Conservative Custom Ford at Salina (NRCA), and second place Conservative Custom Ford at Kansas City, Missouri (NRCA). We also have trophies for a first, second, fourth, and a People's Choice (our very first show) from various Truck-Ins last summer.

The fellow who painted the artwork was a very talented art student at Kansas University named Joe Burns. It took approximately two weeks to complete the artwork. The pinstriping is by Shakey of Oklahoma.

Whenever we show the van, people come up and ask, "What is *Heavy Metal*?" We just point to our collection of magazines and say, "That's *Heavy Metal*!" We turn people on to *HM* everywhere we go.

Thanks for a great magazine.

Rusty and Peggy Jackson
Kansas City, Kans.

Dear Ted White:

I think you guys pulled a cheap shot by cutting Vaughn Bodé's "Zooks" down to those teeny-weeny little pictures in your March issue. Bodé did great cartoons, and you could at least do the man justice by printing his cartoons like the first "Zooks" you ran!

Shame on you!

Shannon Dunn
Longmont, Colo.

Dear Ted:

"Zooks," if I never said it before, *improves* with miniaturization! I never would have thought it, but cutting the thing into single horizontal strips does wonders for Vaughn Bodé. I suspect that the eye can now take in each single panel as a whole, whereas when the thing was set up as solid pages there was too much to look at. I wish now that the whole thing had been reproduced in this size and format.

"Changes" is a real winner! There's a certain tension between the dialogue and the graphics. I am still seeing new things in it, still absorbing ideas. The mere technical virtuosity of every damned panel excites me.

Jay Kinney's column was fine stuff. But I wonder when *Evergreen Review*'s publication of "Barbarella" and "Phoebe Zeitgeist" are going to get mentioned. Those, it seems to me, played a part in crowbarring public awareness of graphic stories apart and making new possibilities appear. Also, the "serialness" of those two strips prefigured exactly what is happening in *Heavy Metal* today.

Larry Stark
Jamaica Plain, Mass.

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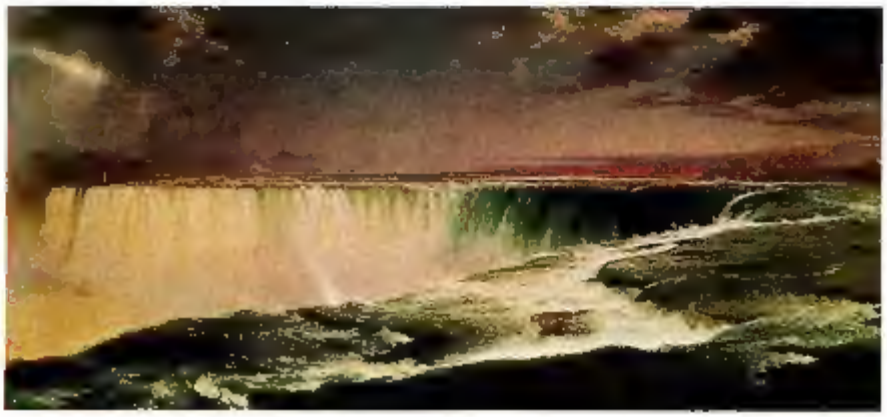

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COMIX

Illustration by J.

Jay Kinney

Underground comix were already around for two years before the appearance of Last Gasp eco funnies. With Ron Turner at the helm, Last Gasp is now one of the main publishers of UG comix; however, its origins in 1970 were far more modest.

In the world of Bay Area radical politics, the concepts of ecology and environmental activism were just beginning to make waves as the seventies began. The Berkeley Ecology Center served as an early clearinghouse for groups and activities in this realm, and it was a group of eco freaks associated with the center, Turner foremost among them, who first brainstormed the idea of an ecological UG comic: *Slow Death*.

Turner, then as now, had the appearance of a brown-haired hippie Santa Claus with one ear permanently glued to the telephone, making deals. Like many fans of UG comix at the time, Ron bought comix at Gary Arlington's comic book store in the Mission District, and it was to Gary that Ron turned for help in assembling his proposed book. Gary, as always, was full of crazed energy looking for an outlet and he soon came up with the names *Slow Death* and Last Gasp. In league with *Snatch* printer Don Donahue, Gary introduced Ron around to the artists and helped rally them to the cause. Most of the cartoonists, except for Greg Irons and White Panther Gary Grimshaw, were not particularly "political," but visions of ecological doom were as common as cheap dope and it didn't take much urging to convince the crowd that this was a comic worth doing.

Slow Death #1, with strips by Sheridan, Schrier, Irons, Jaxon, Grimshaw, Deitch, Crumb, Shelton, and Jim Evans, was published in time for Earth Day, the well-publicized eco day in April, 1970. It was a fairly preachy comic, all in all, though as usual some of the cartoonists were more intent on pursuing their own eccentric path than in toeing a strict didactic line. Schrier's six-page "Ecology Mythology," for example, ended with a typically cryptic moral: "All the waters of the Earth are in the armpit of the Great Frog."

While the comic was coming together, some changes had occurred at the Ecology Center. *Slow Death* #1, intended as a benefit fund raiser for the center, was met with mild enthusiasm and a lack of distribution know-how. Turner found that if he ever wanted to get the cartons of twenty thousand comics out of his living room he'd have to devise his own distribution system. Almost before he knew it, he had become a UG publisher, and logically this meant there was only one direction to take: publish more comix! And Last Gasp's second book, *It Ain't Me Babe*, was, like *Slow Death*, to initiate a type of UG that proved increasingly important as the decade progressed.

While most of the New York cartoonists who moved to San Francisco at the end of 1969 rapidly fit into the local UG scene, Trina Robbins felt left out. One of the few women in a predominantly male field, her growing feminist outlook was at odds with that of many UGers.

Trina began cartooning for the Berkeley women's newspaper *It Ain't Me Babe* and soon after decided to edit an all-women comic in collaboration with the paper. The effort brought together work by Trina, Willie Mendes, and Hurricane Nancy (all of whom had originally appeared in *Gothic Blimp Works*), as well as Michelle Brand, Meredith Kurtzman (daughter of Harvey Kurtzman), and several other women artists.

Yet even with an all-women newspaper collective to work with, the comic ran into problems. In Trina's own words, "They [the newspaper] were *extremely* political . . . It was very hard working with them, because just about everything you did they considered demeaning to women." This was just the first instance of what was to become the familiar Catch-22 for women UG cartoonists: deemed not "practiced" enough for the male-edited comics, yet not politically correct enough to win much feminist support, they were stuck in between.

The Print Mint had originally indicated interest in an all-women comic, but as the book finally came together, Trina mentioned it to Ron Turner and he offered her one thousand dollars for it on the spot. This was an unbeatable vote of confidence, and *It Ain't Me Babe* became a Last Gasp comic.

With this experience under their belts, Trina and Willie Mendes next drew *All Girl Thrills* for the Print Mint as a two-woman comic in late 1970. Willie then edited a comic of hippie mysticism, *Illuminations*, before dropping out of UGs, while Trina continued as one of the UG's most prolific cartoonists.

Spring of 1970 also marked the beginning of another significant UG trend: raw horror comics reminiscent of the old fifties ECs. As a die-hard EC fanatic, Gary Arlington harbored the dream of somehow re-creating EC anew—with Gary as a new Bill Gaines. Gary's mania was irrepressible, and with Greg Irons as coconspirator he came up with *Skull Comics*, "100% Horrid!" Sheridan, Schrier, Jaxon, and Rory Hayes were all up

continued on page 31

MUZICK: JAMES CHANCE

Photograph by Roberta Bayley

Jim Farber

It sounds like New York City's first major earthquake. And yet nothing is disturbed despite lots of banging, crashing, popping, squealing, and crunching. The cacophony is just the over anxious sound of heat rising in the pipes of the windowless think tank of saxophonist James Chance. Amid all this noise James does not flinch for a second but instead stares off at the fifty or so pairs of shoes that line one wall. About one-third are his, while the rest belong to the unconscious body lying nearly naked in a sleeping bag along the wall—his manager, Anya Phillips. I ask James if he collects shoes. "No, we wear them," he deadpans.

James's blasé delivery is impenetrable, and it is important that it remain so. Chance has made quite a name for himself, mostly on the New York music scene, as a tough, nasty character. He sometimes likes to emphasize his talk and persona as much as his music, which can only be inadequately described as a warped smash-up of James Brown funk and Ornette Coleman free jazz. It is very much like a real earthquake or maybe just an itch you don't want to scratch. Other than his own music, there are few things Chance admires. And in his early shows this nastiness was even translated into action, as he made it a regular practice to go out into the audience and beat up random nonbelievers. "The audience provokes me by being so stupid," Chance mumbles. "Their attitude is sick. They just stand there and look. They're the ones who make things pretentious. They have this intellectual atti-

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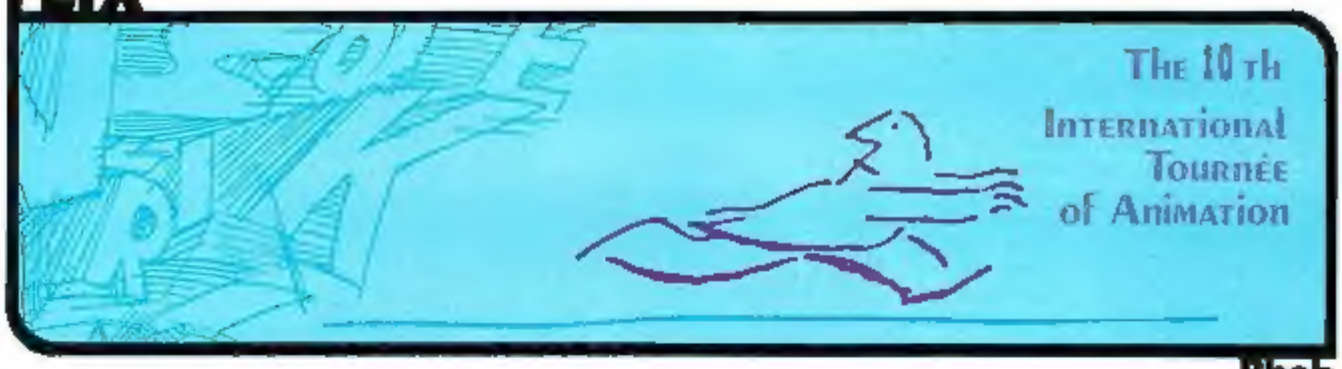
FLIX



Bhob

If you caught the 13th International Tournée of Animation (1978), then you've experienced the captivating animated art of Sara Petty's *Furies* (1977). To accompanying Ned Rorem music, the streamlined Siamese cats of *Furies* shake loose from their frozen ceramic poses to pad silently around doors and down staircases—*chats décoratifs* exploring both art movements and the origins of their own stylistic pedigree. They purr through Moderne and Art Deco, aloofly glide into abstractions with a filmic felinity, and leap into Vorticism while pastel bolts of color erupt in an affirmation of a Futurist manifesto. Curling into the nocturnal corners of art memory, Petty's cats stealthily follow in the footsteps of the nineteenth century woodcut artist Suiseki and the Vorticist C.R.W. Nevinson, while also summoning up the spirits of book-jacket illustrator George Salter and fantasist/cat fancier Hannes Bok (the man Ray Bradbury once called "one of the finest, yet least known, fantasy artists and illustrators of our time"). The cats of *Furies* would sniff haughtily at the quaint, kitten-cute Gag lines of the drawings in Wanda Gag's *Millions of Cats* (Coward-McCann)—expressing equal disdain for the cat comedy monologues of Steve Martin and George Carlin, Kliban cat calendars, and the antics of Garfield in the Jim Davis comic strip. This film is of a different breed, and its use of pastel and charcoal on paper is more evocative of work by poster designer/book illustrator E. McKnight Kauffer (I'm thinking specifically of his full-color illustrations for the 1944 Random House edition of *Green Mansions*).

Art history aside, there's another aspect of *Furies* that makes it distinctive: Petty, amazingly, has managed to achieve a *cat consciousness*, capturing the essence of catness. She's a Texan who studied drawing in Los Angeles with Lorser Feitelson and Harry Carmean, chose to make her art move as an animation student at UCLA, and then metamorphized faces/forms to a percussion score in her minute and a half long 1976 *Shadrac* (shown at Filmex '77) before going on to create *Furies*, an award winner at the Ottawa '78 animation festival (in the "films shorter than three minutes" category). But Sara Petty is only one of the filmmakers represented in the 13th Tournée package: there are fourteen other animated films. And each year there's a new Tournée.

One could certainly find no better introduction to contemporary international animation than the Tournée, now moving into its fifteenth year. It's sponsored by ASIFA (Association International du Film d'Animation), and it showcases the more outstanding, controversial, and acclaimed short films seen at the Annecy, France; Ottawa, Canada; and Zagreb, Yugoslavia, animation festivals—everything from studio productions to work by independent filmmakers and students in animation schools. To put together each Tournée anthology of twelve to twenty-four films, Tournée chief Prescott J. Wright and members of the ASIFA selection committee annually screen between three hundred and five hundred films.

It all began back in the late fifties: ASIFA was founded in 1957 and chartered by the United Nations three years later. The International Animated Film Society (ASIFA-

continued on page 59

SF

Illustration by Angus McKie

Steve Brown

Sixty years from now, a huge radio telescope array focuses on the star Tau Ceti and detects a signal. When run through the house PA system, the sound of a woman sobbing is heard. Thus begins *The Gate of Heaven* by Paul F. Preuss, a compulsively fascinating book and easily the best first novel I've seen in years.

Twelve years before the book opens, the ship *Actis* was thought lost forever after it had slipped "into" a double black hole during a desperate mission to help a large L-5 colony achieve its independence from Earth. Hint: Tau Ceti is 11.8 light years from Earth. The first half of the novel concerns the mounting of a rescue expedition into the binary hole. The detail work surrounding outfitting of the rescue ship, including the attendant political double-dealing, rings true and is told with a minimum of wordage. Without slowing his story down for even a sentence, Preuss grudgingly parcels out small snapshots of the world of the twenty-first century. He has the enviable ability to convey an aspect of society in a few insight-laden lines that tell us more than another writer could in an entire chapter:

> Nobody needed to work to live, that was the problem. Jobs were scarce because they were a luxury. The sense of doing something useful with your mind (or even more rarely, with your hands) was so infrequently available that people with personal wealth were known to bribe employers to hire

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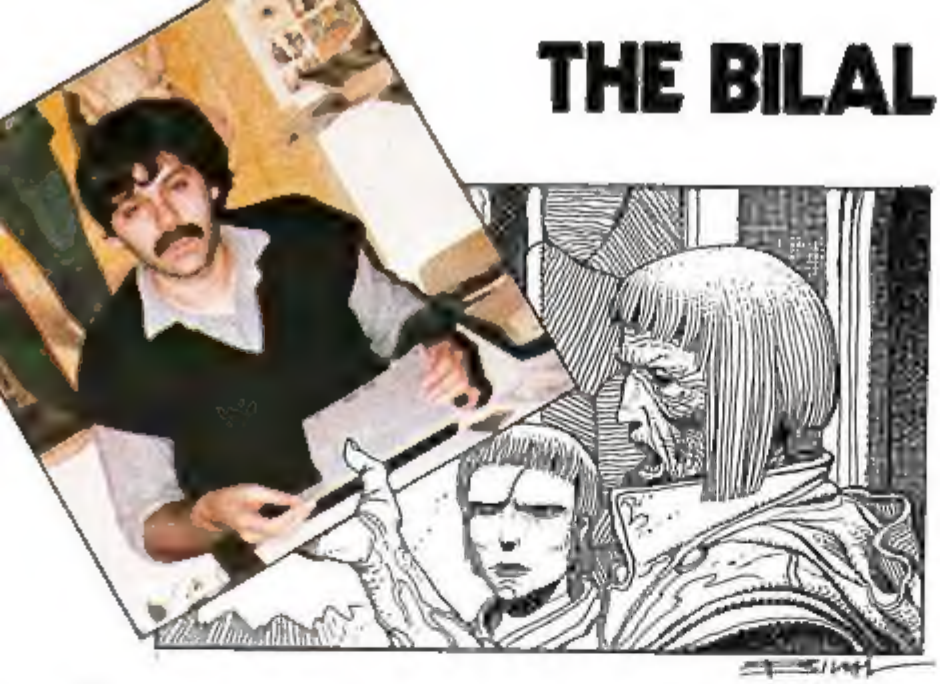
THE BILAL INTERVIEW

by Diana K. Bletter



HM: Let's start at the beginning. When, and how, did you start drawing comics?

Bilal: I started eight years ago, when I won a prize in a contest that *Pilote* organized. Before that I used to draw, but classical things, nothing really specialized. I showed my comic strips to the editor of *Pilote* and he encouraged me to do more. Then I began working regularly.

HM: So comic drawing was something you've always wanted to do?

Bilal: Yes, since I was fourteen or fifteen and discovered comic strips I've wanted to draw and tell stories. Not just to draw or illustrate, but to tell a story. I like the French language; I like to write, to manipulate the text. The story I'm working on now, "La Foire aux Immortels," is the longest story I've done alone. I've done long pieces with other people, like "Exterminator 17," which, in my opinion, wasn't such a great success.

HM: Do you always judge your work after finishing?

Bilal: Of course—one always judges one's work. But it's difficult for me to look at it when I'm finished, to appreciate it. All artists—writers, musicians, etcetera, are usually too severe with themselves.

HM: In your stories it seems that although they take place in the future you are actually commenting on present-day life.

Bilal: Exactly. "La Foire" takes place in 2023, but I'm still talking about contemporary problems. It's a political story, I know that. There are references to Nazism and Fascism, to the time of the dictators from the thirties and forties. It takes place in the future, but it's about the present and also the past. It takes place in Paris, but it could be any city in the world.

HM: Well, it could definitely be New York. So science fiction gives you more liberty to comment on contemporary society?

Bilal: Yes, but I'm not really passing judgment. I've added little "flashes" and references, but I don't like to get too preachy. It is true, however, that science fiction—the fact that one is pushing or veering toward the future—gives one more liberty without having to get into political diatribes. I like that aspect of science fiction, whereby one is free of a time zone and is not constrained by facts or documentations. I don't want to be restricted.

HM: But how can you say that you don't moralize in your stories? For example, in "Ultimate Negotiations" [January, 1979], the "bad guys," and it's obvious who they are, get their heads chopped off.

Bilal: Yes, there you're right. I'm antimilitarist and antiarms, but in "La Foire" there are a lot of things going on. There won't be a precise end and moral like in "Ultimate Negotiations." In short pieces one can have a moral, which is not really true in longer ones.

HM: You're working on "La Foire" now. Do you know how it's going to end?

Bilal: Yes, of course. I wrote the scenario first. Now I'm in the process of cutting it up, organizing it, adding scenes, characters, little things that I didn't think of in the beginning. This is what is exciting about working alone. When I worked with scenarists, the scenes were already planned and I couldn't add or change anything. I'm taking a bigger risk now, but it's much more exciting.

HM: But you had the story in your head from start to finish when you first conceived it?

Bilal: Yes, I had to write it down and show it to the editor at *Pilote* before I could really start to draw it.

HM: Do you think it's necessary for an author to know how a comic strip will end before he starts to draw it? I know that for me, sometimes I start a short story and I have no idea where it's going to lead.

Bilal: A comic strip is different from a short story. With a story you can almost write it automatically. You write; you look at the words; you establish yourself, unravel; and travel further into the story; and soon you find your ending. When you do a comic strip of eighty or so pages there's not that spontaneity. I'm spontaneous in what I work on every day, but not in the long run.

HM: Do you think that the comic strip is an "airtight garage," as Moebius would say, a closed universe?

Bilal: Yes, a story one does oneself is really a projection of the author. There are my obsessions, my thoughts, which, by the way, I think readers will amuse themselves with because they return again and again. This might be my first long story, but I think there are themes that I've made use of in earlier stories.

HM: What do you think are some of your recurring themes?

Bilal: The church, for example, priests; fascism; militarism.

HM: Can you ever separate politics from art?

Bilal: Not really. Even though my story takes place in the future, without being totally involved in present-day politics, it's still political.

HM: Do you write from your consciousness or unconscious?

Bilal: There's a part that's improvisation, but you can't let everything just fall apart or go every which way.

HM: Where did you get the first idea for your story?

Bilal: Well, with "La Foire" I knew that I wanted to talk about my preoccupations, create certain atmospheres, etcetera, and to talk about Paris, but in the future. It's difficult for me to talk about this story now because I'm in the middle of it.

HM: When I read your stories I noticed how you take a distance from real life as an observer and I thought you were a bit bizarre.

Bilal: Well, I am bizarre in my head, but that's what fantasy is, taking the present and making it a bit strange.

HM: How would you describe "La Foire"?

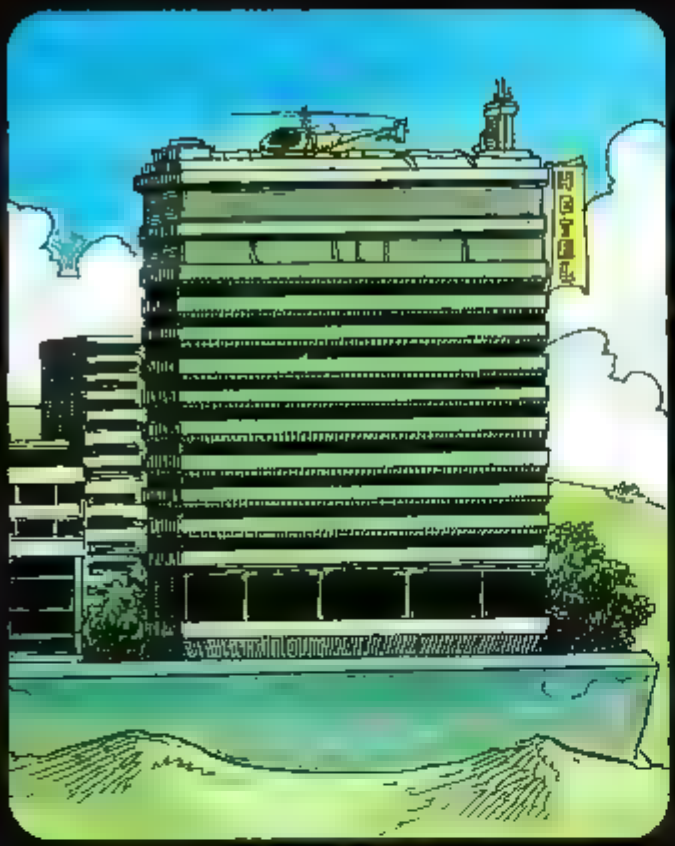
Bilal: Well, it's science fiction, but not like American or Anglo-Saxon science fiction, or even French. It's a personal story, but I never said I wanted to do something personal when I started, nor did I say I wanted to do something that's never been done before either. It's a story with a classic theme, but it also has little anecdotes within the story that are personal. It's definitely not science fiction, though; someone like Asimov writes pure or standard; this is different.

HM: What authors do you like? The cat in "La Foire" is named Gogol. Is he one of your favorites?

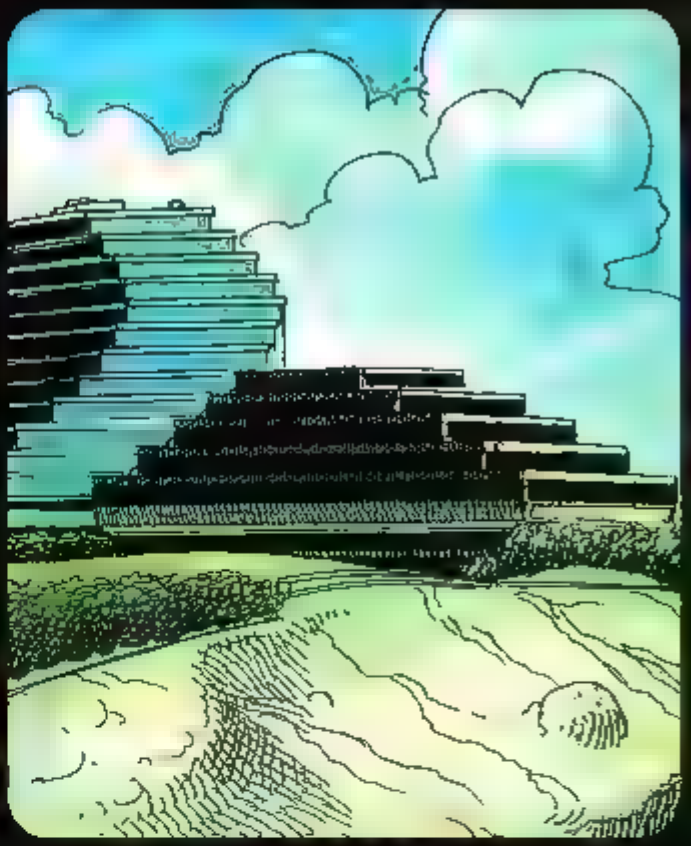
Bilal: I read Gogol's story "The Nose" right before I drew the cat, so I named him that. Baudelaire made a great impression on me when I was younger, in high school. I

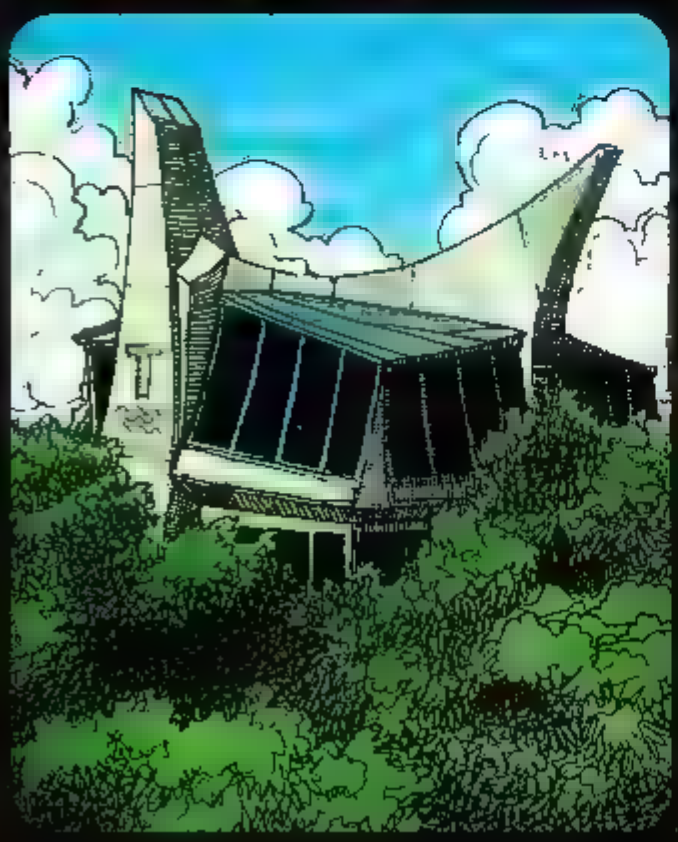
continued on page 32

HERE WE SEE THE INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, WITH ITS ROOFTOP HELI-PAD...



...AND BESIDE IT THE TERRACED APARTMENTS — STUDIOS UP TO FIVE ROOMS — EACH WITH A FANTASTIC VIEW.

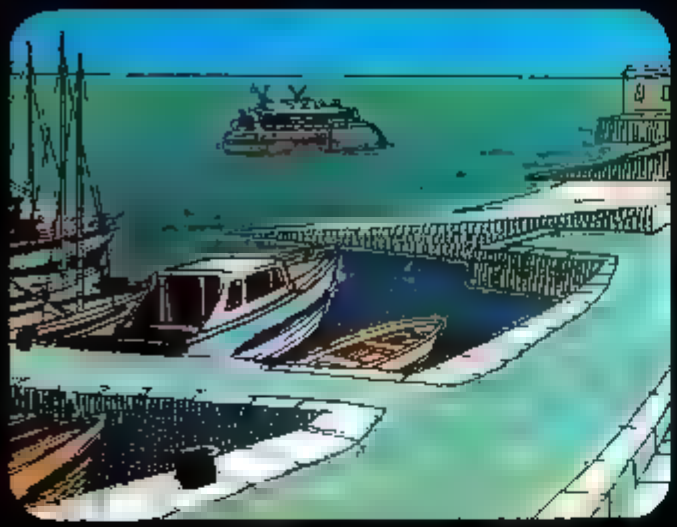




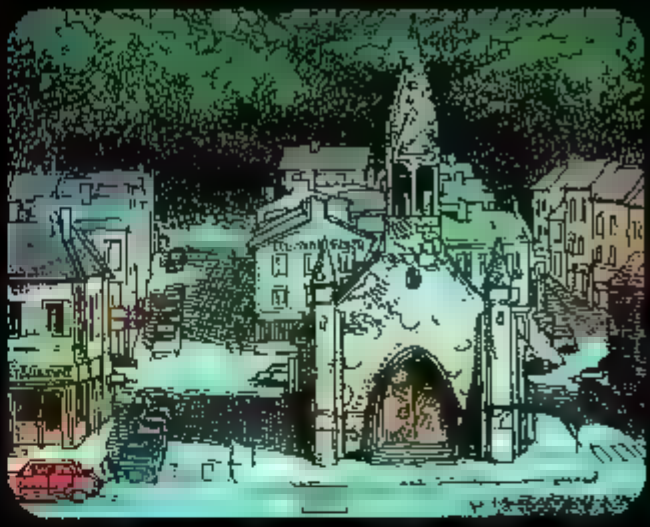
THIS IS THE SPORTS COMPLEX. IT CONTAINS AN OLYMPIC-SIZED SWIMMING POOL, TENNIS AND HANDBALL COURTS, AND OTHER RECREATIONAL FACILITIES...

AND THE COMMERCIAL CENTER, BEYOND WHICH YOU CAN SEE THE FREEWAY OVERPASS. THERE IS UNDERGROUND PARKING, OF COURSE.

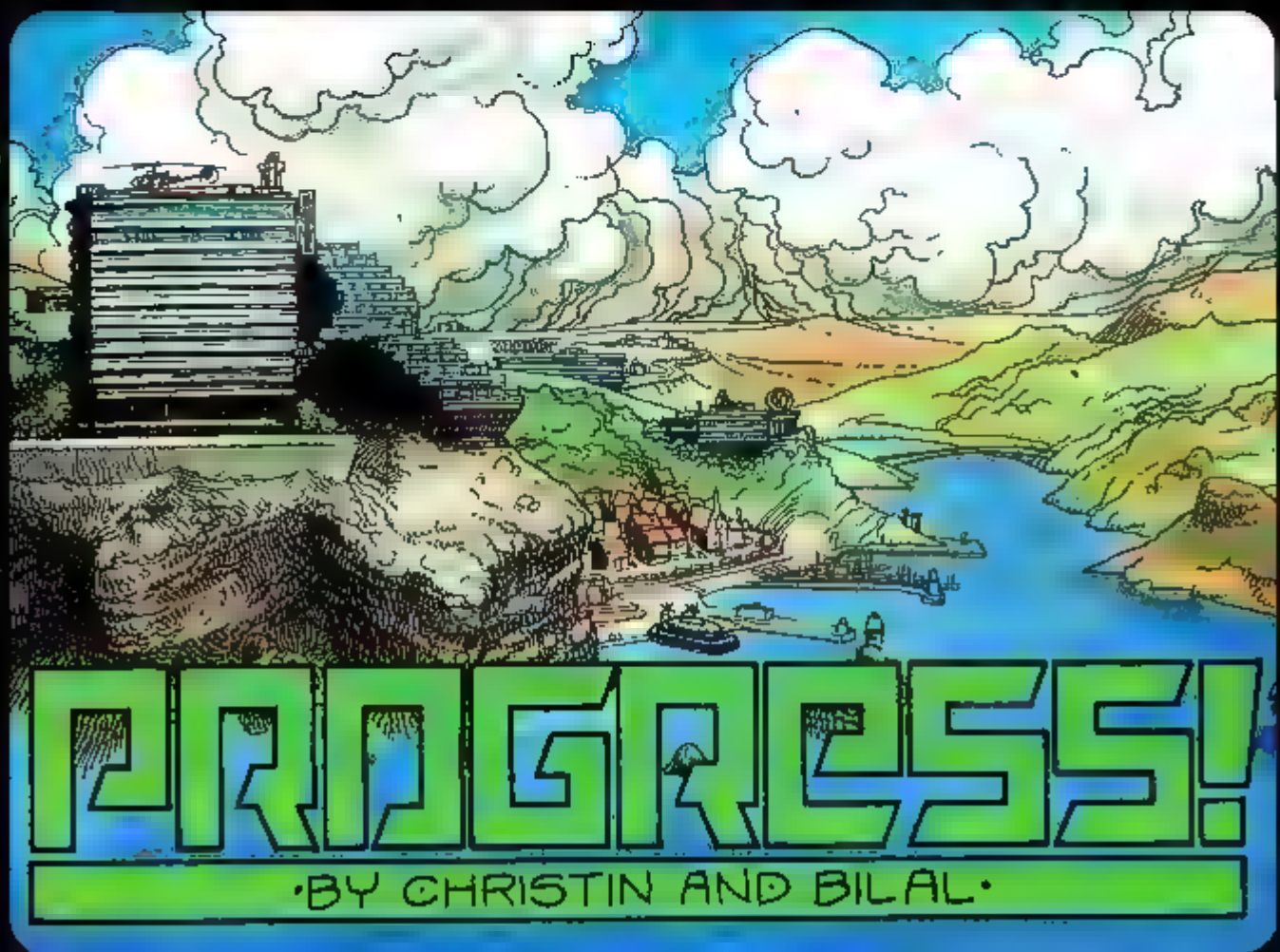
AFTER THE EXCAVATION OF THE CLIFF AND ENLARGEMENT OF THE CHANNEL, ALONG WITH THE EMBANKMENT OF THE POINT, WE WILL HAVE THIS MAGNIFICENT PORT — INCLUDING A LANDING PLACE FOR HYDROFOILS. THIS WILL BE A MAJOR SELLING POINT...



ALONG WITH THE VILLAGE, WHICH WILL BE UNTOUCHED. ITS VERY CHARMING, OF COURSE. THE HOUSES WILL BE RENOVATED, BUT WELL PRESERVE THEIR FACADES, AND THEY'LL BE LINED WITH DELUXE BOUTIQUES AND RESTAURANTS — VERY HARMONIOUS, TAKEN AS A WHOLE...

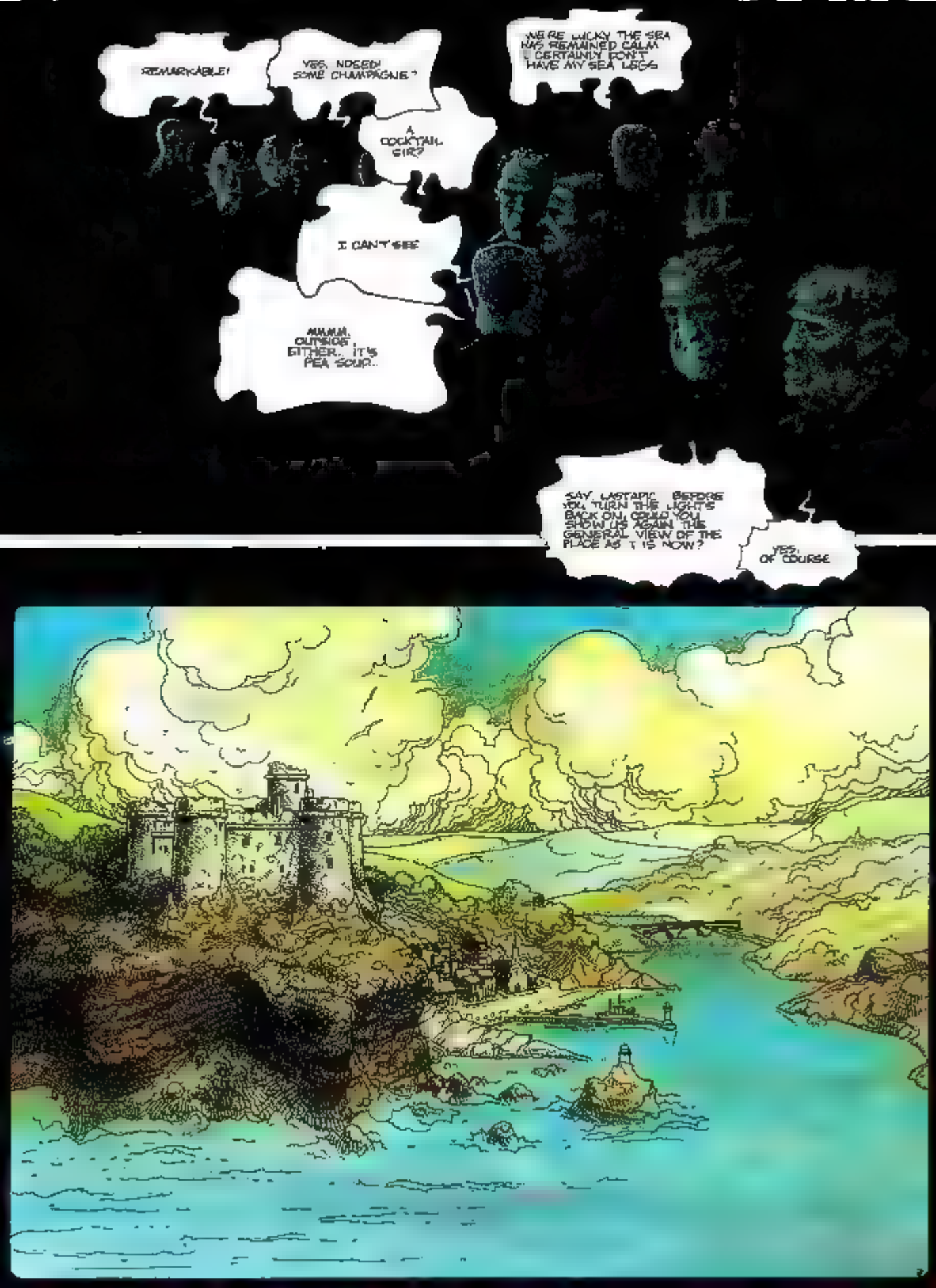


THAT'S IT — I'M DONE. HERE'S A VIEW OF THE ENTIRE PROJECT AS IT WILL LOOK. [illegible] WE'VE ONCE YOU'VE FOUND [illegible] OUR FINANC- [illegible] AGAIN, FOR YOUR PARTICIPATION...

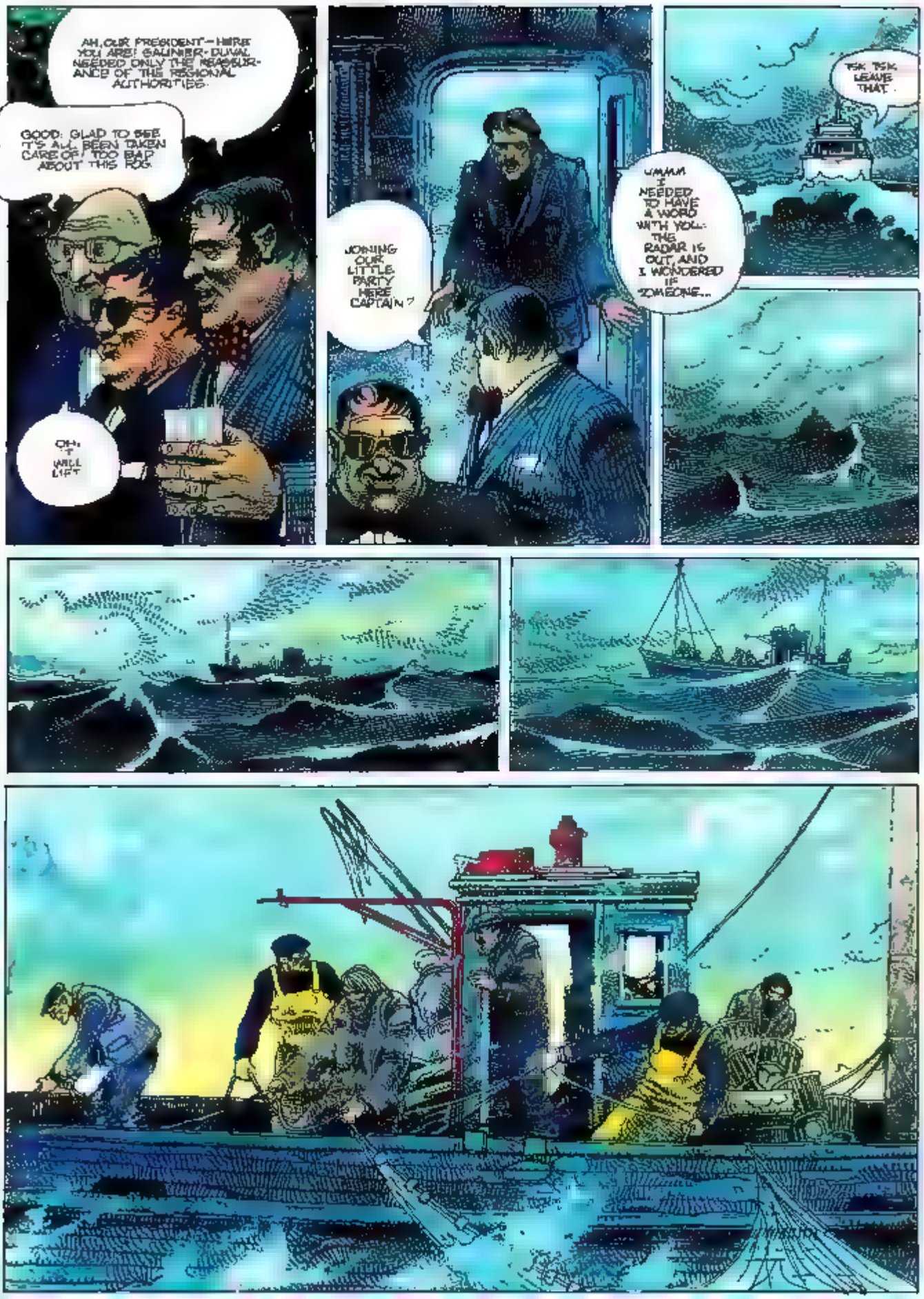


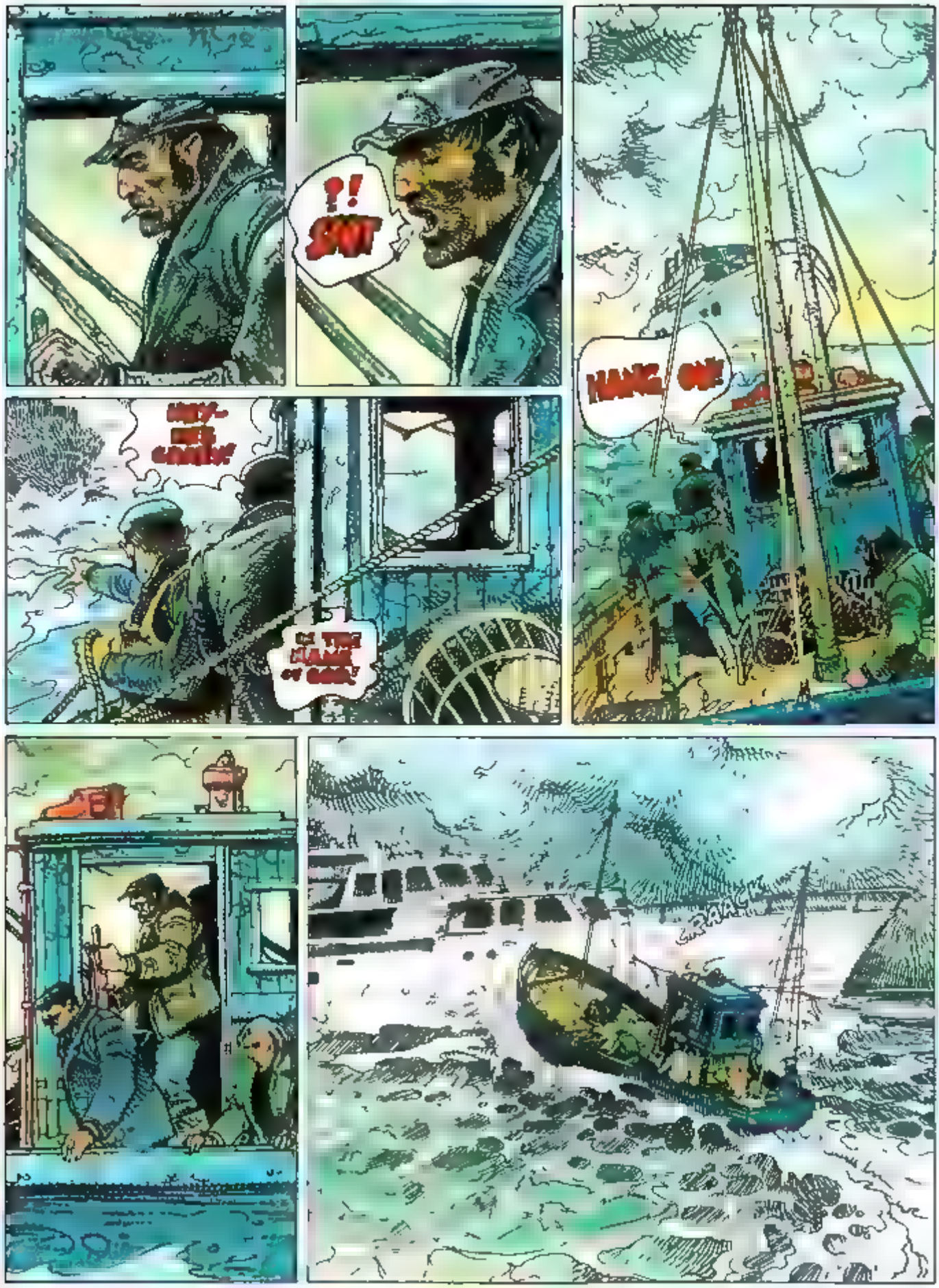
PROGRESS!

·BY CHRISTIN AND BILAL·


REMARKABLE!
YES, INDEED! SOME CHAMPAGNE?
A COCKTAIL, SIR?
WE'RE LUCKY THE SEA HAS REMAINED CALM. I CERTAINLY DON'T HAVE ANY SEA LEGS
I CAN'T SEE
MMMM. OUTSIDE, EITHER... IT'S PEA SOUP...
SAY, LASTAPIC, BEFORE YOU TURN THE LIGHTS BACK ON, COULD YOU SHOW US AGAIN THE GENERAL VIEW OF THE PLACE AS IT IS NOW?
YES, OF COURSE

WE CAN LEAVE IT ON THE SCREEN AS LONG AS YOU LIKE. WITH THIS LOUSY WEATHER, THAT'S ABOUT THE ONLY VIEW YOU CAN GET
BUT, WHAT ABOUT THE OLD CHATEAU UP THERE / IT'S RIGHT ON THE SITE OF THE HOTEL, ISN'T IT? WON'T THEY HAVE ANYTHING OVER AT HISTORIC MONUMENTS?
AH! YOU HAVEN'T BEEN KEEPING YOURSELF UP TO DATE ON AFFAIRS IN YOUR BUREAU, SO WE'LL START WITH THAT... BUT COME AND I'LL INTRODUCE YOU.
TO DE LANQUILLE FROM CULTURAL AFFAIRS. GROUBOT FROM QUALITY OF LIFE. HERE IS SAUNIER-DUVAL FROM EQUIPMENT. HE'S A NEWCOMER HERE.
BAR
MY PLEASURE!
VERY HAPPY TO MEET YOU
DELIGHTED!
TELL US ABOUT THE CHATEAU DE LANQUILLE
OH, IT'S ALL SETTLED. THEY'LL TAKE IT DOWN STONE BY STONE. BESIDES, IT WAS BADLY SITUATED WHERE IT WAS
WE'LL REBUILD IT IN THE REGIONAL PARK WE'RE PLANNING FOR THE MOOR. THEY'LL BE LANDSCAPING AND ELECTRIC VEHICLES FOR THOSE WHO DON'T WANT TO WALK
WE'RE PUTTING IT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE EXOTIC ANIMAL RESERVES. IT'LL BE PART OF THE GUIDED TOUR
MMMM GOOD IDEA, THAT PARK. ADDS SOMETHING MORE TO THE SITE
EXACTLY! AND WHEN THEY'RE RELOCATED, THE LOCAL RESIDENTS WILL APPRECIATE IT TOO


AH, OUR PRESIDENT — HERE YOU ARE! GALINIER-DUVAL NEEDED ONLY THE REASSURANCE OF THE REGIONAL AUTHORITIES.
GOOD: GLAD TO SEE IT'S ALL BEEN TAKEN CARE OF! TOO BAD ABOUT THIS FOG.
OH! I WILL LIFT
JOINING OUR LITTLE PARTY HERE CAPTAIN?
UMMM I NEEDED TO HAVE A WORD WITH YOU: THE RADAR IS OUT, AND I WONDERED IF SOMEONE...
TSK TSK. LEAVE THAT.

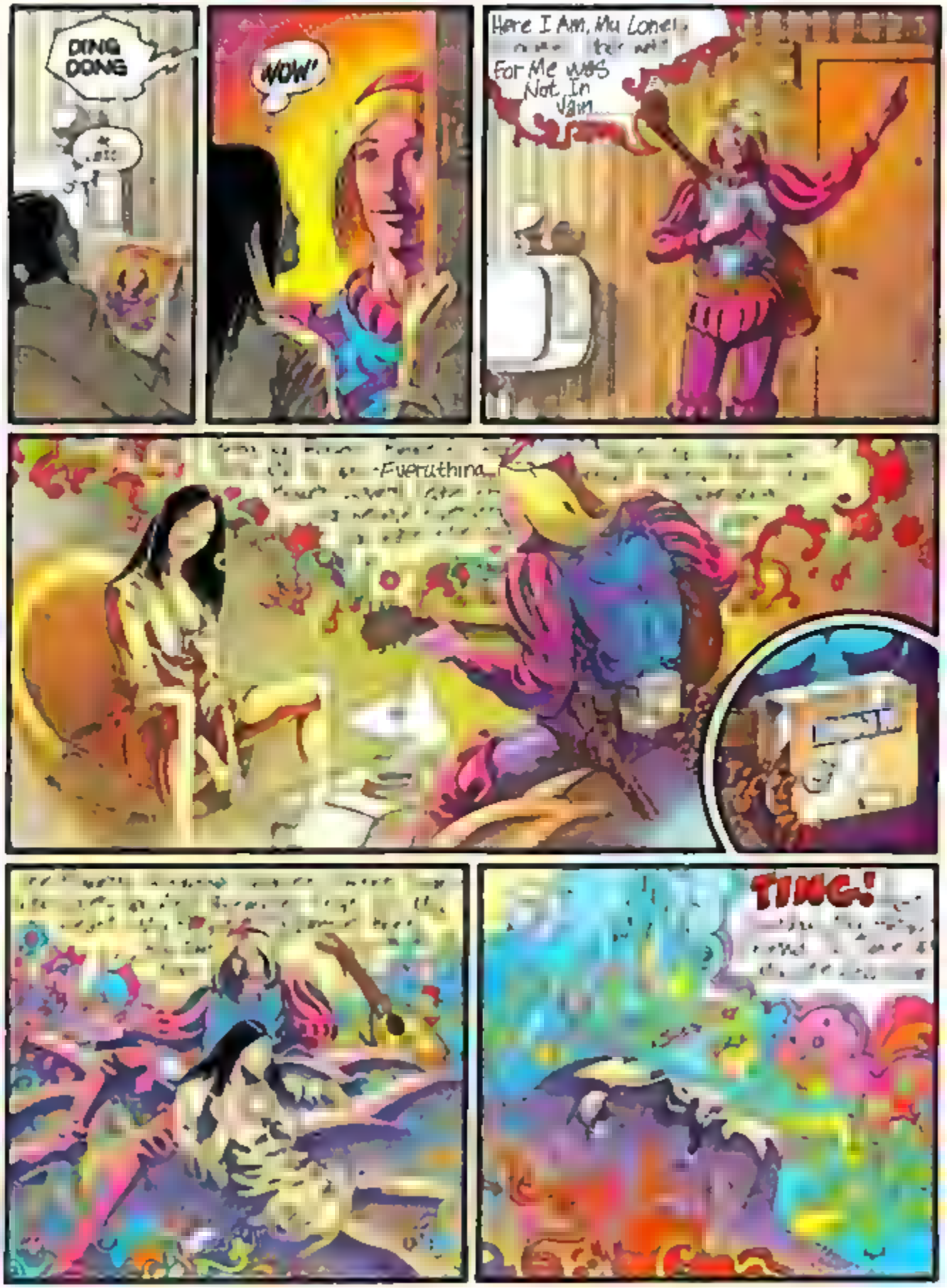

?! SHIT
HANG ON!

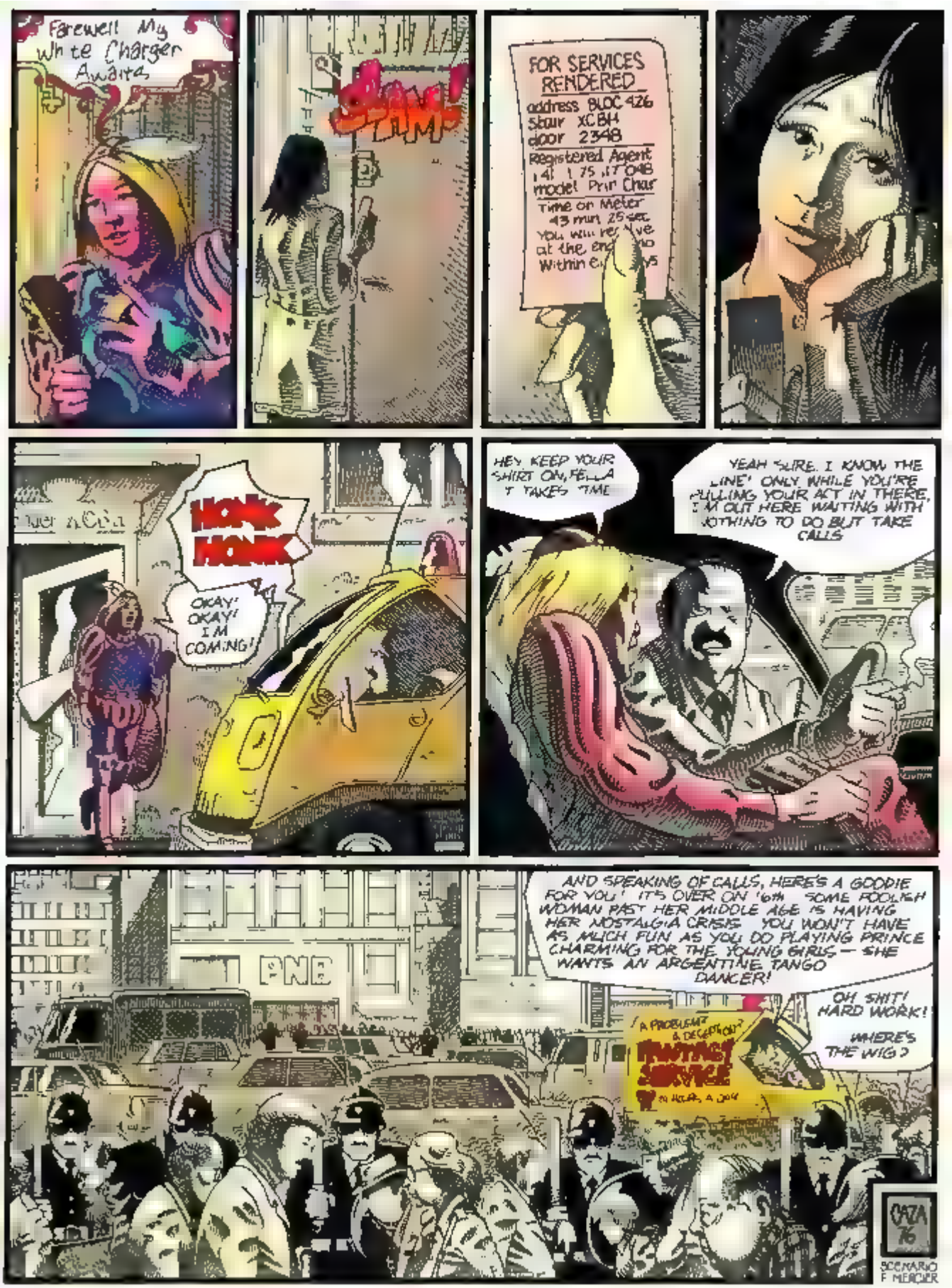
NOOO!

PORT

Romance

I'M THROUGH THROUGH THROUGH THROUGH THROUGH
SOUNDS RIDICULOUS BUT WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE
KLANG


DING DONG
WOW!
Here I Am, My Lonely
For Me was
Not In
Jam
Everything
TING!


Farewell My White Charger Awaits
THUMP
FOR SERVICES RENDERED
address BLOC 426
Stair XCBH
door 2348
Registered Agent
Time on Meter
43 min 25 sec.
HONK HONK
OKAY! OKAY! I'M COMING!
HEY KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, FELLA IT TAKES TIME
YEAH SURE. I KNOW THE LINE' ONLY WHILE YOU'RE PULLING YOUR ACT IN THERE, I'M OUT HERE WAITING WITH NOTHING TO DO BUT TAKE CALLS
AND SPEAKING OF CALLS, HERE'S A GOODIE FOR YOU! IT'S OVER ON 6th SOME POOLISH WOMAN PAST HER MIDDLE AGE IS HAVING HER NOSTALGIA CRISIS YOU WON'T HAVE AS MUCH FUN AS YOU DO PLAYING PRINCE CHARMING FOR THE YOUNG GIRLS — SHE WANTS AN ARGENTINE TANGO DANCER!
OH SHIT! HARD WORK!
WHERE'S THE WIG?
A PROBLEM? A DECEPTION?
FANTASY SERVICE
24 HOURS A DAY
PNB
DATA 76
SCENARIO F MERCIER

THE MYSTERIES OF EROTICISM

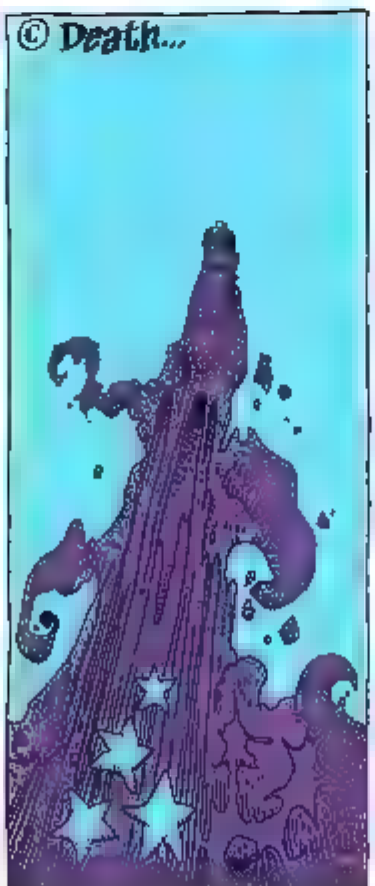
No. 1

The Bewitching Yogurt

a.

b. The Hero's Downfall

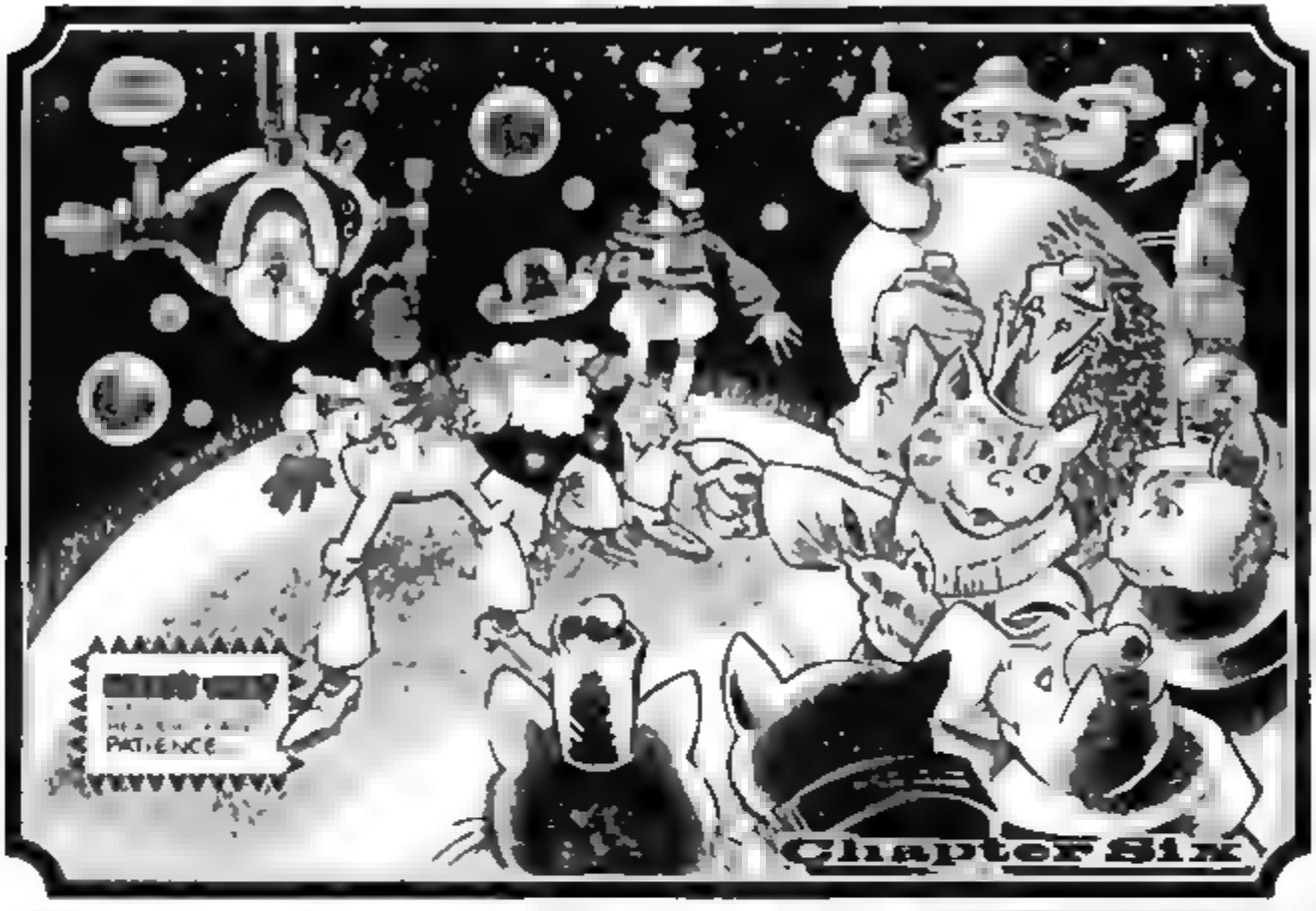
© Death...

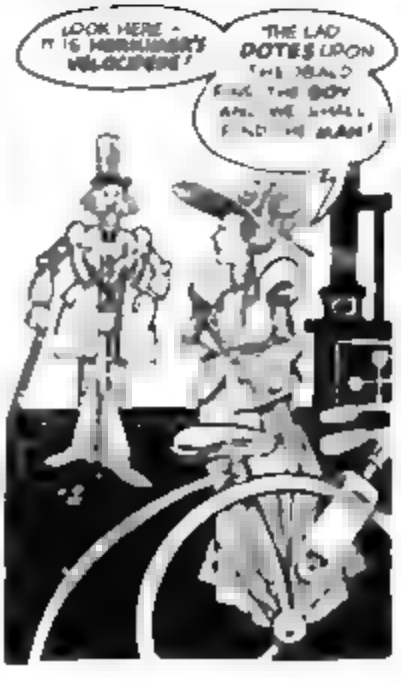


d. Eternity

*OUR ADVICE [illegible] HE FRESHNESS DATE IN ORDER TO AVOID THE POSSIBILITY OF ONE'S DOWNFALL DEATH AND ETERNITY DO BE CAREFUL

THE ADVENTURES OF PROFESSOR THINTWHISTLE AND HIS INCREDIBLE AETHER FLYER





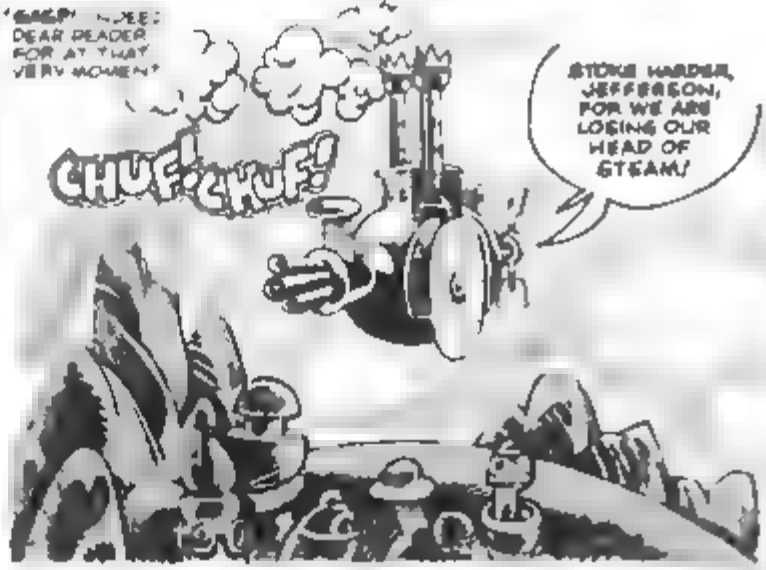
HAT MAY
COMPLETE WITH THE FRAMED DAGUERREOTYPE OF A WELL KNOWN EGYPTIAN JURIST
T. THE PAIR FOUND THEMSELVES TREADING CAUTIOUSLY DOWN THE STEPS TO THE CELLAR IN WHICH THE CHESTER ALAN

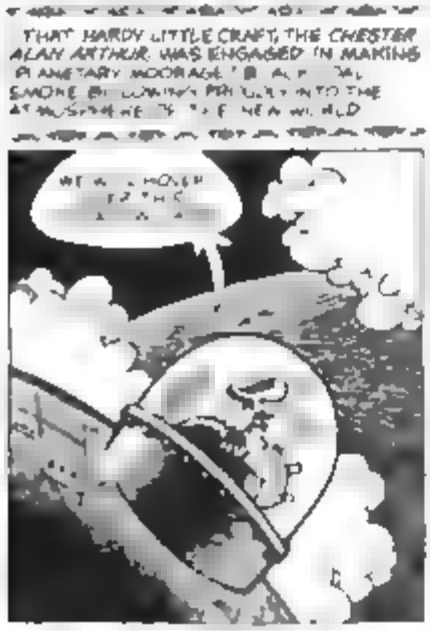
SHIPS CRADLE
WATER

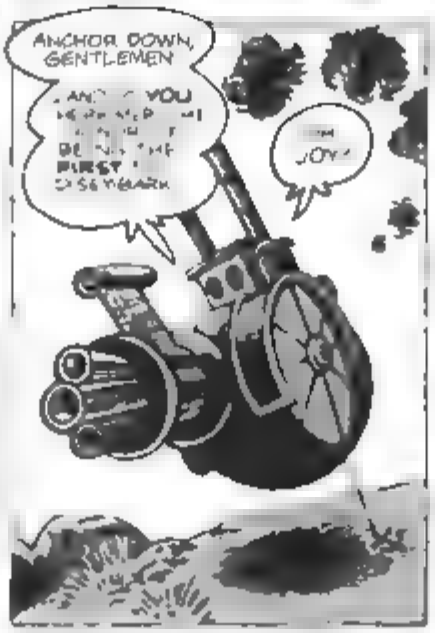
AND THAT WINCHESTER & THE CRUFT THE
IMPOSSIBLE AND THAT
OBVOUS

SO
UNIVERSAL AETHER

WINCHESTER, IF WE CAN BUT LOCATE THE PROFESSOR'S NOTEBOOKS
GASP!


GASP! NOW, DEAR READER FOR AT THAT VERY MOMENT
CHUF! CHUF!
STOKE HARDER, JEFFERSON, FOR WE ARE LOSING OUR HEAD OF STEAM!


THAT HARDY LITTLE CRAFT, THE CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR, HAS ENGAGED IN MAKING


ANCHOR DOWN, GENTLEMEN
JOY!

REMEMBER TO MAKE HASTE
AYE AYE SIR

I WILL ENDEAVOR TO COMPLY PROFESSOR!
...CHOKE!
HERKIMER YOU YOUNG BLOCKHEAD! CEASE THESE YOUTHFUL PRANKS AND CONDUCT YOURSELF WITH A DECORUM BEFITTING OUR MISSION!
BOUNCE!
BOUNCE!
BLAT!

COURAGE, HERKIMER! HELP'S ON THE WAY!
WHAT HO, LAD! HAVE YOU PERMITTED THE LIGHTENED GRAVITY OF THIS MINIATURE GLOBE TO FOOL YOU INTO SO CLUMSY A MANOEUVER?
..UH... MIST' PUFFES...
..PURR PURR..
WHAT IS IT, YOU.. BLOODY BABOO..
OH!

AHEM!
MEOW?
-ER, AH... I SAID ON BEHALF OF THE CITY OF CATTERSTALL I BID YOU WELCOME!
-HUH?
HOOPOO VOOOOO!
REMARKABLE!
?
MEW?
SIR CAT UNLESS I AM MISTAKEN, YOU HAVE
SIR APE, OUR OWN ASTONISHMENT AT
CATS
FURTHER
BOTH
LANGUAGE
FELISIAN
MENELIK XX CHANA

COMIX by Jay Kinney

continued from page 6

for the project and handed in painstakingly detailed work. Like the old EC *Tales from the Crypt*, each story was introduced and narrated by a horrible host.

Originally to be published by Arlington's San Francisco Comic Book Company, *Skull* ended up with Rip Off Press when Gary's perennial lack of capital sabotaged his original dream. ROP could afford to print the comic (yay!) but payment for the artists had to wait until copies were sold (boo!). When it came time to do #2 later in the year, the book moved again, to Last Gasp this time, as Turner promised royalties up front. For the next few years, *Slow Death* (now a science fiction comic) and *Skull* were to be Last Gasp's most popular regular titles.

At this point a most unlikely UG cartoonist emerges full-blown into our chronology: Richard Corben, an animator at a Kansas City ad agency. Corben's first comic strips were done for comic fanzines like *Voice of Comicdom* and his self-published *Fantagor*. With his well-crafted, three-dimensional figures that almost popped off the page, Corben's art stood out from the bulk of amateur fan art. Arlington, ever on the lookout for new artists to draft into his EC revival scheme, spied Corben's work and mailed off an encouraging letter and a copy of *Skull* #1. When *Skull* #2 came out several months later it contained Corben's first UG strip, Lame Lem's Love." With a pitifully misshapen hero, a busty girl, and plenty of cleaver-swinging violence, the story had all the recurring elements that would soon make Corben famous.

Over the course of the next four years Corben produced an enormous amount of UG work, both on his own and in collaboration with writers like Jan Strnad. If before his arrival the UG comix had a relaxed and funky approach to draftsmanship and craft, it didn't take long for Corben's airbrushed polish and dazzling color work to introduce a new self-consciousness about quality to the UG scene.

The horror, sword and sorcery, and SF genres were Corben's forte, and more than any other single artist he became identified with the neo-EC UGs. Yet he remained the odd man out. In fact, some cartoonists, Bill Griffith most vocally, contended that Corben wasn't *really* Underground at all, just a slick invader from comics fandom.

The evidence was obvious: he had never worked on a UG paper, didn't smoke dope, had short hair, and persisted in living a normal, married life in Kansas City, of all places! True, his fantasies were outrageous, but they seemed to be easily reconciled with a thoroughly middle-class existence. And if the UG stood for anything, it was supposed to be a slap in the face of the middle class—the Silent Majority who still supported the Vietnam War, hated hippies, and voted for Nixon.

Such counterculture resistance was only one point of view, however. Other cartoonists, such as Jaxon, enthusiastically involved in the midst of the horror/SF trends, welcomed Corben's talents with few reservations. A pure, unadulterated "UG comix consciousness" was as impossible to hold on to and preserve unchanged as were the sixties themselves. As one of the Rip Off Press partners, Jaxon oversaw ROP's reprinting of Corben's fan work in comic book format: *Fantagor* and *Rowlf*, and edited ROP's SF/fantasy comic with color Corben work, *Up from the Deep*, in 1971.

Corben, for his part, created a virtual flood of strips and covers for Rip Off, Last Gasp, and Kitchen Sink up through 1973, when UGs experienced a temporary, but unnerving "crash." Accustomed to regular work to support his family, he went on to greener pastures at Warren's *Creepy* and *Eerie* and later *Heavy Metal*, of course, as well as hardcover and paperback graphic novels and collections. Central to his development as one of the major cartoonists of the last decade were his early years in the UG where the only limits were one's own imagination and competence.

Next month
UG Parodies

New Publications

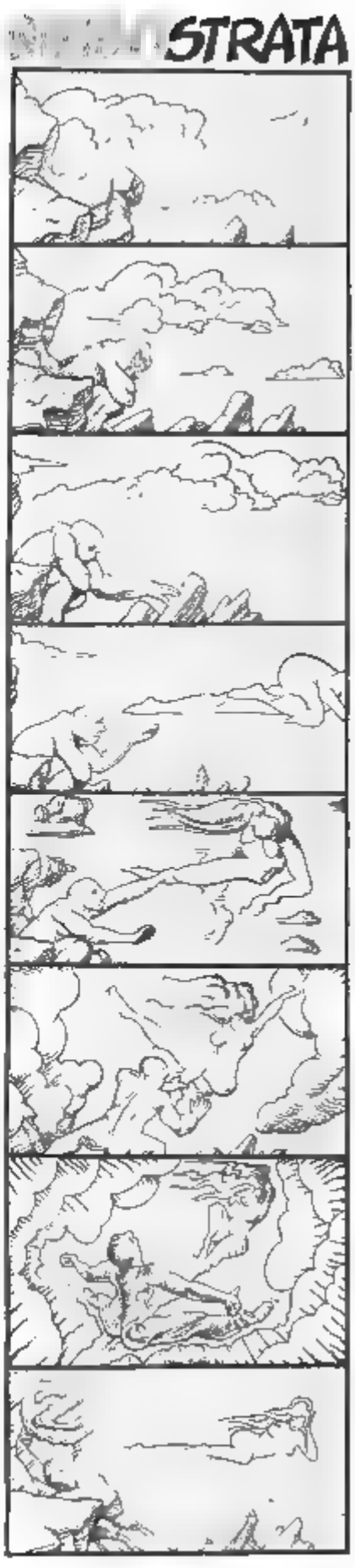
The current boom in self-published and limited edition comics continues unabated. Four of the best to slide through my food slot recently are:

Toxic Flange by Mark Fisher and Andy Poynor ($2.00 postpaid from Poynorgraphics, Box 51, MIT Branch PO, Cambridge, Mass. 02139). An 8½-by-11 back-to-back two-person comic, full of witty and sophisticated strips and pictures. Fisher's work is reminiscent of Osborne and McMillan, while Poynor's line recalls Ed "Filipino Food" Badajos's work. But both possess a unique surreal outlook that transcends any influences. A pair to watch. (*HM* readers may remember Mark's strip in the July 1979 *Heavy Metal*. Expect to see more of his work in these pages.)

Okupant X by Gary Panter ($2.75 postpaid from Diana's Bimonthly Press, 71 Elmgrove Avenue, Providence, RI 02906). Panter lives in Hollywood, had blue hair at last report, and cartoons for *Slash*, the LA punk tabloid. He's also done the last few Zappa LP covers and now this artist's book," which is essentially a strange comic in fine-art disguise. Briefly, the hero (Okupant X) appears on the stage of Dal-Tokyo, a model built of plastic, balsa wood, and rice paper. He is in blackface, has mismatched socks, and tries to start a power mower. Japanese monster movie creatures intrude, as does a giant wad of bubble gum at one point, and . . . well, you get the picture. Crisp blacks and whites make this an absurdist beaut.

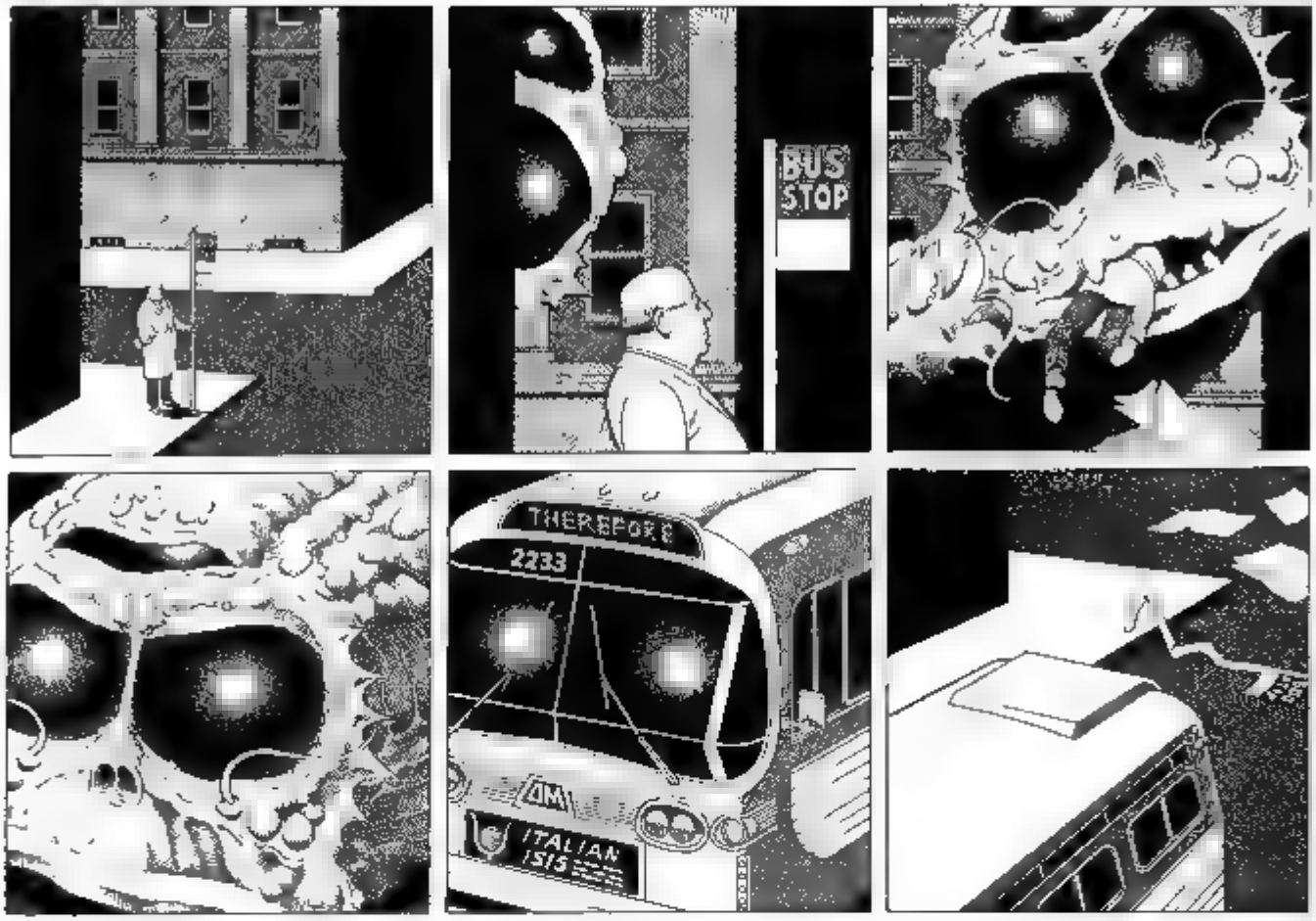
Windy City Comix #3 by Gary Whitney ($.00 postpaid from Whitney, 520 West Surf Street, #1S, Chicago, Il. 60657). Raining frogs, stoned potato people, and Mike on the Spot, an interviewing tape recorder, tromp through these enterta ning

continued on page 58



the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER©



THE BILAL INTERVIEW
by Diana K. Bletter

continued from page 9

discovered science fiction much later and was affected by the stories of Lovecraft and Roger Zelazny

HM: Do you still read SF?

Bilal: No, especially not now while I'm in the middle of doing this piece. I don't know why, but I have trouble reading science fiction now. I'm a little tired of it.

HM: What do you want to do for your readers?

Bilal: I don't think consciously about my readers before I start a story. Sometimes I wonder what they're thinking of this or that, but basically I'm just telling a story.

HM: Like a grandfather surrounded by all his children.

Bilal: Yes. It's pleasurable for me above all. I think the goal of creation—and please excuse the pretentiousness of that word—is mostly the pleasure one gives to oneself.

HM: Do you think the future world will be the way you've imagined and drawn it?

Bilal: That's one possibility, but when I draw I don't think, 'Okay, I'll draw how I imagine the world to be.' It's not like that at all. If there's a nuclear war, nothing will be left. Thus, my story is different, because there's the very good possibility that the world I show will never even exist.

HM: Do you think there will be a war soon?

Bilal: It's not impossible. In 'La Foire' there's a war in 1991. There are little wars now, but I hope that the ultimate war won't happen.

HM: Do you believe in God?

Bilal: No. I don't think I believe in God. I had no religious education when I was younger. But the religious universe is amusing to me.

HM: But there is a morality in your stories.

Bilal: That's because of my relationship to the world today. My story takes off from the present toward the future but still has present-day themes. That's where I get my notion of reality.

HM: What about extraterrestrials?

Bilal: I never had the chance to meet them, but I believe in them. I don't know much about astronomy, but the millions and millions of other stars like the sun prove that there are other worlds. The distance though is enormous.

HM: Have you studied a lot of science—astronomy and physics?

Bilal: No. I always got bad grades in math.

HM: Do you think your lack of specific scientific knowledge gives you a kind of liberty?

Bilal: Of course. It's fiction, it's imaginary.

HM: What are some of your favorite films?

Bilal: I like science fiction films, Italian cinema, and Eastern European films because my parents are Czechoslavakian and Yugoslavian. I also like political films.

HM: Who has influenced your drawing?

Bilal: When I first started comic strips, Mezieres and Valerian. Also, discovering the technique of pen drawing from Moebius, but there have been a lot of influences along the way. It's been an evolution, and no single artist has influenced me.

HM: What are your future projects?

Bilal: I want to finish this story first. Then, probably every other year I will work with someone else after working a year on my own.

HM: What about films?

Bilal: There's always talk about projects that never work out. So, if something happens, fine, but I'm not planning. I was supposed to work on *Alien*, but I had too much work to do and didn't like how it was being done.

HM: Do you think of yourself as a person who's lost in the world, like in the story 'Planet of No Return'?

Bilal: Yes, at times. If I didn't draw comic strips and have this universe for myself, I'd definitely feel lost and separated from the world. In this world it's becoming harder and harder to do what one wants, and if I didn't have the luck to draw, I don't know what I would do.

SHAME ON YOU!

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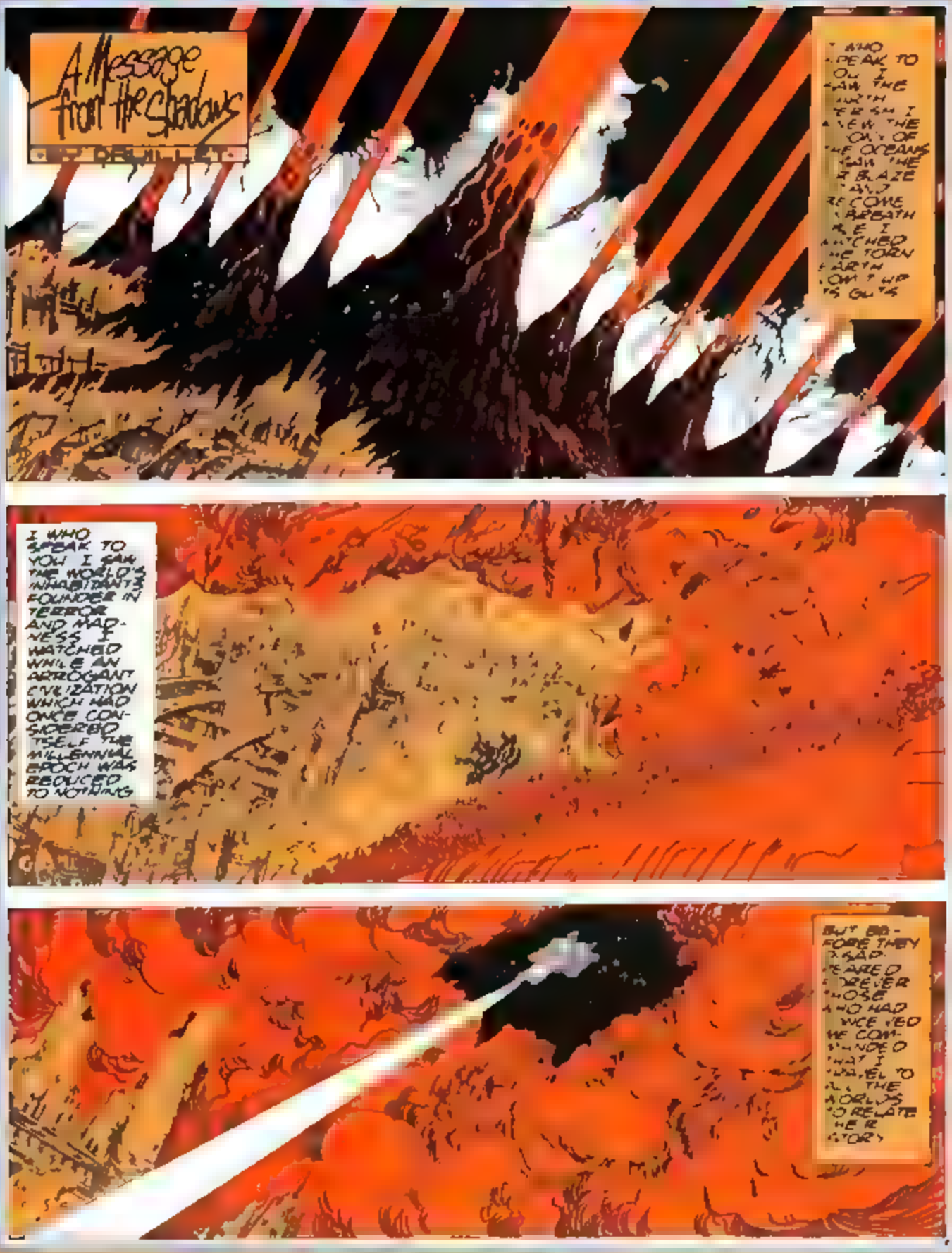
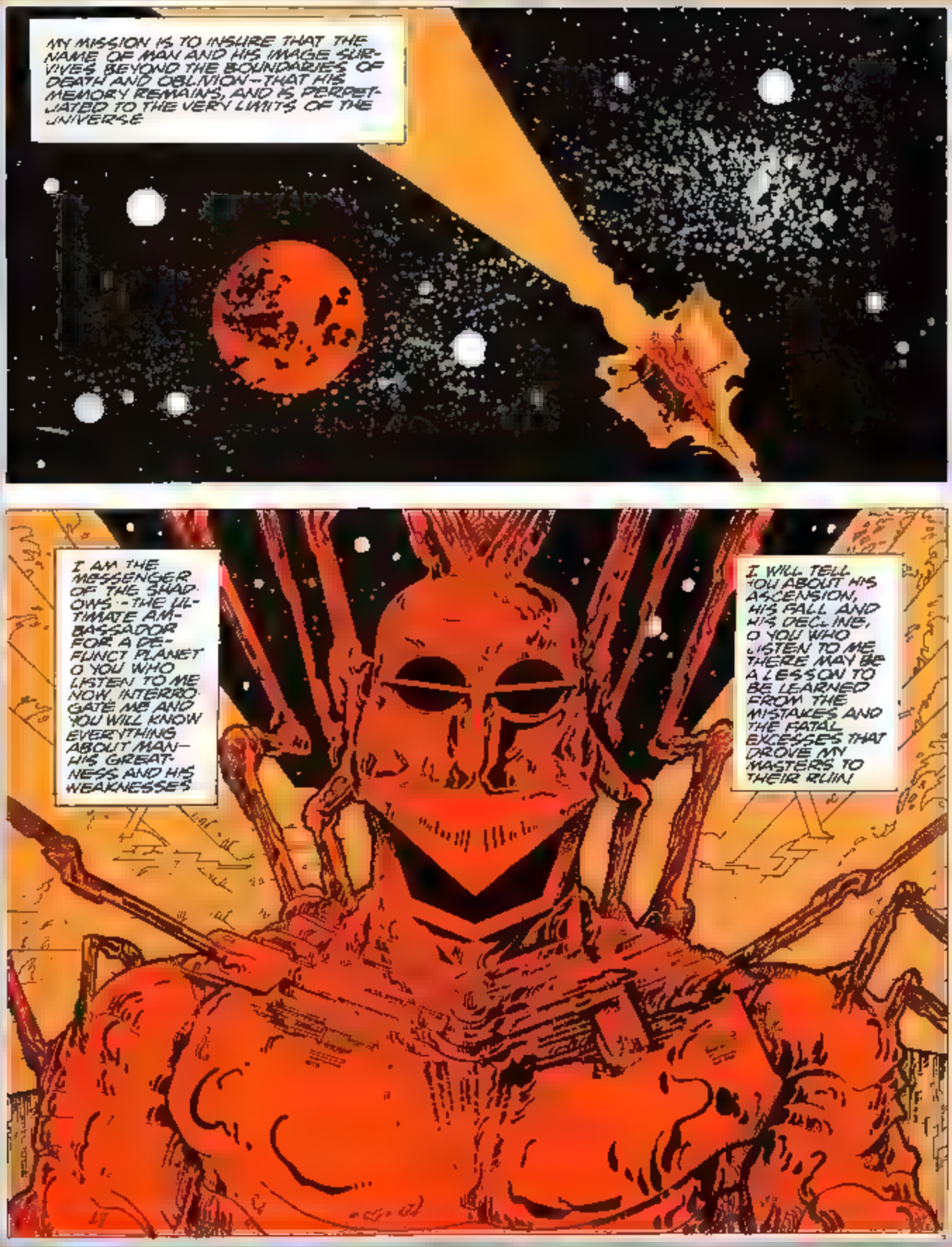

A Message from the Shadows
I WHO SPEAK TO YOU I SAW THE WORLD'S INHABITANTS FOUNDER IN TERROR AND MADNESS I WATCHED WHILE AN ARROGANT CIVILIZATION WHICH HAD ONCE CONSIDERED ITSELF THE MILLENNIAL EPOCH WAS REDUCED TO NOTHING
BUT BEFORE THEY HAD DISAPPEARED FOREVER THOSE WHO HAD WITNESSED THE COMMENCEMENT OF THAT I WOULD TELL TO ALL THE WORLDS SO RELATE HER STORY


MY MISSION IS TO INSURE THAT THE NAME OF MAN AND HIS IMAGE SURVIVES BEYOND THE BOUNDARIES OF DEATH AND OBLIVION—THAT HIS MEMORY REMAINS, AND IS PERPETUATED TO THE VERY LIMITS OF THE UNIVERSE
I AM THE MESSENGER OF THE SHADOWS - THE ULTIMATE AMBASSADOR FOR A DEFUNCT PLANET O YOU WHO LISTEN TO ME NOW, INTERROGATE ME AND YOU WILL KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT MAN— HIS GREATNESS AND HIS WEAKNESSES
I WILL TELL YOU ABOUT HIS ASCENSION, HIS FALL AND HIS DECLINE, O YOU WHO LISTEN TO ME THERE MAY BE A LESSON TO BE LEARNED FROM THE MISTAKES AND THE FATAL EXCESSES THAT DROVE MY MASTERS TO THEIR RUIN

I WHO SPEAK TO YOU—I SAW THE EARTH PERISH. I KNEW THE AGONY OF THE OCEANS. I SAW THE AIR BLAZE UP

SF by Steve Brown

continued from page 7

them. The alternative was to go quietly mad while staring at your wall screen your every basic need tended by quietly efficient machines.

Preuss applies the same kind of sparse insight to his characterization. He is so good at bringing a character alive in three sentences flat that it can get confusing. He will take the most minor spear carrier and flesh out the character's personality so well that you spend the rest of the book wondering how they're getting along.

> Rache and I are d vorced, " Levine said with the faintly over-assertive tone so many people in his situation used to fend off pity. "Been coming for years of course. Final a month ago. I have a new place now."

All of the characters are so marvelously al ve that one of the book's structural flaws becomes more important that it would normally be. The book doesn't settle down to one or two main viewpoint characters for several chapters. By this time, the reader is deeply interested in several minor and non-essential people leading to a feeling of bewilderment when they exit, their function in the narrat ve finished.

His characters are genuine people, caught up in their emotions, jealously guarding their status. Michael Ward is a young mathematician, terrified of his boss, who comes up with the theoretical basis for the geometry of the black hole system. There is a memorable scene where Ward, sure that he has been ignored and abandoned, hikes into the Rockies to psychologically regroup. There he reaches an epiphany that affects his self-esteem, and thus most of his subsequent actions. Preuss wrote a difficult scene without a tinge of bathos. Another interesting character is Colonel Laura McCord, a beautiful and remarkably competent Space Force officer. Clones of the McCord character populate modern SF like the steel-jawed backyard inventor cum adventurer did in the SF of forty years ago. But the character of McCord tiptoes around the edge of cliche without ever slipping over. She is the only believable example of this modern SF convention to date.

Paul Preuss writes lean and compelling prose. He knows just when to shift a scene, exactly how much information to g ve, and when to give it. With the facility of a cinematographer, Preuss skips from scene to scene, forward and backward in t me, and never loses sight of the direction of the story. The various pressures and events leading up to the launching of the rescue expedition increase in perfect tempo, defining themselves and rising in a crescendo that peaks as the rescue ship enters the black hole's gravity wel , while outside the stars turned red and darted away.

Once through the hole and in orbit around Tau Ceti 5, the novel becomes a different book. Preuss expertly braids an emotional macrame of pride, cowardice, self-sacrifice, pigheadedness, and true affection (much rarer in literature than love), around the survivors of the *Actis*. Colonel McCord and her crew. The relationships and tensions among these people are gripping and highly realistic. The book ends with a thoroughly satisfying emotional crescendo.

Yet I read the last half of the book with ambivalent feelings. After the scope of the novel's first half, with the problems of the characters beautifully contrasted against the grand backdrop of the L-5 colony, the rescue expedition, and the black hole system—all delineated with hard-edged realism that slips the reader a great deal of data without obscuring the progress of the story—we discover that the survivors of the *Actis* are living on a lovely, almost wholly tame and amazing y Earth-like planet. Though the encounter between rescuers and survivors is complex and exciting, it is nothing that couldn t happen to a crew shipwrecked on an island in the sixteenth century.

The first half of the book is a true synthesis between hardware and passion. The emotions of the characters and the technology with which they are dealing complement and reinforce each other. One wouldn't exist without the other. Yet the second half forsakes this meld between metal and flesh and becomes a rescue story where the existence of a starship is no more important than the existence of a sailing ship. After the promise of the first half, I expected a truly alien world that had somehow changed the attitudes of the survivors, giving us a conflict between the humans, their humanity, and the alien world itself that would all come together in a grand denouement. This did *not* affect my enjoyment of the book. A sixteenth century castaway story it may be, but one of the most interesting ones written.

The Gates of Heaven would be an extraordinary achievement for a veteran writer that it came from the typewriter of one who has never before attempted to write publishable fiction makes this book a genuine event. This is one you shouldn t miss, and Paul F Preuss is a byline to take careful note of.

Here is one final quote that demonstrates Preuss s control over his prose, his talent for getting across a lot of information both economically and engrossingly.

> In the year and a half since *Actis* had left L-5 she had undergone a change. Never an elegant craft, she was now an unrecognizable hybrid monster. The blunt white nose of her command module was still there, and the ring of ejection pods immediately below—six two-seaters, their ceramic heat-shields staring blindly out at the stars. From there a resemblance to a spacecraft ended. Her once compact crew quarters had spread laterally into a pile of boxes, something resembling a cheap apartment house on Earth. Beneath the crew quarters *Actis* simply disappeared, swallowed up by a vast cancerous growth of black and pitted rock that swelled around her and stretched away behind her for almost

LITTLE TINY COMICS
MY THOUGHTS ARE SPREAD SO THIN THE MUSIC IS SLIPPING AWAY
EMPTY LONGING AND DREAD DESCEND IN
SCRAPE, ROLLING UPWARD FROM THE GREAT METALURGICAL SLAG-PITS, THE ROCKETS ARE MOVING, BELLIES PREGNANT WITH PURPLE ORE...
RIPPING IT OFF AND LOADING IT UP, DEVOURING THE VERY PLANET I CUT FROM UNDER US
I THINK I HAVE THE GLEAM OF PITY WHEN THEY TOOK THE CHAIR FROM UNDER MY ASS AGAIN
SOME BIG MUCK AMUCK FROM THE COOL END OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM HAD DECIDED TO MAKE IT
NOT A WORD OF WARNING
AFTER PAYING WHAT DEBTS WE ACCURATELY ARRIVED AMONG THE
KETOMINE OPERATORS THERE WAS SCARCELY ANYTHING LEFT OF MY
I HAD TO NOTIFY THE PATRON OF THE HOTEL [illegible] AND WHY BECAUSE HE'D HAVE WORRIED ABOUT HIS MEAGRE TWO HUNDRED ROUBLES
I HAD A NUMBER OF CALLOUSED FRIENDS ON SCORPIO
TWO OF THEM ARE SAINTS IF I KNOW WHAT A SAINT IS
PART OF A SERIES WHO WAS FOUND WITH HIS THROAT CUT FROM EAR TO EAR TO EAR
HE WAS DISCOVERED STRETCHED OUT STARK NAKED ON HIS BED, HIS FLUTE BESIDE HIM AND HIS NECK SLASHED, AS I SAY, FROM EARS TO
SCORPIO! WHAT A HELL HOLE...
THE ST [illegible] BONES ARE ALL FILLED SWARMING WITH MAGGOTS!!

LANDSCAPE, IN THE
THE MIXTURE OF QUIXOTIC BLOODS, THE FATRAS OF CULTS, SECTS, BELIEFS, THE OPPOSITION OF LAWS AND LANGUAGES, AND THE CONTRADICTORY TEMPERAMENTS, NEEDS, REQUIREMENTS...
THIS WORLD IS FULL OF BURIED VIOLENCE, AND THE BONES OF ANTE-DELUVIAN MONSTERS AND THE LOST RACES OF THE STARS--OF MYSTERIES WHISPERED IN DOOM...
...WHOM THE FIXING LIGHTS MADE DIZZY

twenty kilometers. Like some great wasp in the grip of reproductive urges Aciss had burrowed into first mate an asteroid

The publishing industry has an analog to the brutal law of the survival of the fittest known as the slush pile. This is that massive pile of unsolicited manuscripts that crowds editors out of their offices. There are so many of these that it takes an exceptional unknown author to command an editor's attention. As a reviewer, I have an equivalent stack of books by first novelists or writers unknown to me. Every so often guilt will push me away from that new Le Guin novel and nudge me into picking up one or two unknowns and reading the first couple of pages. Thus, I picked *The Gates of Heaven* from the pile and began to read.

Preuss's story hit my jaded cortex like a burst of uncut cocaine. The book held my attention to the point where I forgot all else but basic body maintenance for a couple of days. Consumed by a desire to learn about the man behind the book, I managed to track him to his den in San Francisco.

Paul Preuss grew up in a military family. His father was an Air Force liaison for the AEC, working on the bomb tests in Nevada and the Pacific. Then Preuss senior went into a different branch concerned with radio detection and communication. The type of hardware his father dealt with has always had a romantic fascination for Paul Preuss, even though he says that his attitude toward the military has since matured.

Science and the meaning of science has interested Preuss since he was very young. This led him inevitably into a deep interest in SF during his teens. He drifted away from the field in college, turning his interest toward film. He says that one reason he has never written any short fiction is a creative writing course he took at Yale, where he was forced to write a three-hundred-word piece of fiction every day, five days a week. "I burned myself out in one semester writing these things, and I have never been able to write a piece of short fiction since."

Preuss has earned a living since then making television documentaries. He has written innumerable short scripts, usually on scientific themes, and credits this experience for his ability to convey maximum information in minimum wordage.

A couple of years ago, Preuss began reading SF again and reawakened his childhood interest. He and his wife bought the film rights to Ursula Le Guin's *The Left Hand of Darkness* and found a distributor. But unfortunately they were never able to gather together the necessary capital. It then occurred to him that if he was ever going to do anything other than educational films, he was going to have to get into a business where he didn't have to raise five or six million dollars to do what he wanted to do. A book has an unlimited special effects budget.

Preuss's interest in writing SF is to create stories that involve both ideas and characters, people and machines working together. He looked about him, saw that the field was becoming dichotomized along those lines. With too few exceptions, SF writers were writing either "idea stories" or "people stories." A synthesis was needed, and Preuss proceeded to create it himself.

One of the remarkable things about Preuss's novel is his skilled use of flashback. "In a book you are allowed to let loose a bet I'd never be able to use that much flashback in a film. Flashbacks in movies are much talked about by critics, but they are very dangerous and have to be used with a great deal of caution and skill. In a book you can tell people where you are, what date it is. If they don't get it, they can go back and look at it again. Movies are more rigid, you only get to look at them once."

I find it interesting that a book as good as *The Gates of Heaven* came from a writer with only a peripheral contact with the SF world (there's a self-parasitic genre. Fans grow up to be writers having little contact with the world outside their narrow hobbiwick. The best fiction (or any other kind of art) comes from those writers with a broad range of interests outside their specialty.

Preuss has already sold another novel, *Re-entry* (it should appear in the spring of 198-), which he says is set in the same universe as *Gates*, but several hundred years later. It will be an attempt at a rational time travel novel using his "binary collapser" as the method. It is a book that I await with eagerness.

There is a significant portion of the reading public with a morbid fascination for large-scale disaster books. There are enough books about sinking ocean liners, stock-market crashes, unstable reactors, burning skyscrapers, earthquakes, hurricanes, plagues, climatic shifts, volcanoes, and catastrophonium to justify the creation of a whole new literary genre, with its attendant awards ceremonies, conventions, and specialized critics. Perhaps it takes a novel about entire populations facing imminent destruction to make some readers' own problems seem sufficiently trivial.

One extreme type of disaster novel is the A-Big-Rock-is-Gonna-Hit-Earth book. These range from the historically venerated (Wylie and Balmer's ground-breaking *When Worlds Collide*), through the boring (Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle's *Lucifer's Hammer*), to the insultingly absurd (the movie *Meteor*). Now just when you thought it was safe to go back up into the sky, we have a new one: *Shiva Descending* by Gregory Benford and William Rotsler.

There is a rigid formula for disaster novels in general, and Big Rock books in particular. A large number of unrelated characters are introduced and briefly sketched out. Then, as the Rock gets closer, the reactions of these people to the coming end is shown in random chunks, culminating in total destruction or narrowly averted disaster. *Shiva Descending* rarely strays from the comfortable and overly familiar parameters of this formula.

Shiva itself is a cubic mile of iron in the

midst of a swarm of smaller rocks. Earth is given about eleven months to prepare for impact, an impact that will probably kill 90-odd percent of the race in a gaudy display that is lovingly dwelt upon for eight full pages near the beginning of the book. Worrying about the advent of the Rock is a standard cast of clichéd people: the fanatical cleric preaching acceptance of God's will; the beautiful and competent female astronaut who is weary of being treated like a token woman (if Proust's Colonel McCord is an example of how to use this cliché effectively, then Benford and Rotsler's Lisa Bender is one of the reasons why the character is a cliché in the first place); the handsome and egomaniacal super astronaut who considers the inevitable mission to make Shiva into a more reasonable orbit to be a personal demonstration of his own brilliant abilities; the colorfully garrulous US president—his name is Caleb—and his mistress, awestruck at her proximity to power; the phlegmatic Soviets with their "flat peasant faces" and their determination to enforce security to the bitter end; and the random assortment of walk-ons — congressional wheeler-dealers, average GIs in the trenches, heroic doctors, and the odd Turkish goatherd.

Shiva Descending is a vast sprawling mess. It probably could have been trimmed to a taut, though forgettable, novelette; but as it stands, it is a bloated caricature of a book. The prose is shamelessly padded. Why explain something once when you can do it several times?

> Carl felt the familiar tension in his shoulders and knew this was the only way to work it out. The tightness told him it was time for some therapeutic running. He usually worked out on the exercise machines, where he could keep his hand-eye coordination in shape. But he preferred ordinary jogging if the twisting in his back was really bad, and today he'd been feeling it since before lunch.

The book is riddled with excessive descriptions like that, and thesaurus annonces such as 'The big picture, the view from on high, the master plan.' This is a good way to make a nice, fat book, but does nothing else except enrage the reader.

For the first two or three hundred pages, the book follows the Big-Rock formula with religious exactitude. The novel hops from one clichéd character to another, following the progress of their gradual breakdown under the realization that, yes, it was going to happen to them, too. These episodes are punctuated with expository sections detailing the breakdown of society at large—brief sentence fragments describing panic and/or fucking in the streets, and the difficulty of covering it all on network TV. Often the magnitude of the impending disaster intrudes in unintentionally hilarious ways, as in this absurd reversal of priorities:

> But everyone was very tense, for not only did their own careers hang on team selection, but quite possibly the lives of everyone on Earth.

A major part of the book's actual plot (what plot can be gleaned from this stew, concerns the mounting of the nuke-Shiva expedition. It is interesting to compare how Paul Preuss handled a similar situation in his book. Preuss manages to convey a far more complex process of ship outfitting and congressional politicking in far less space. The secret is implication, the judicious selection of what to tell and, more importantly, what not to tell.

After the expedition leaves the ground, the book finally drags itself out from the swamp of cluttered false urgency that instilled in this reader nothing more than numb apathy. Once off Earth, the focus of the book settles on the astronauts themselves and almost manages to achieve readability. The situation is no less clichéd. It becomes a ballet between the good (astronauts), the bad (astronauts), and the indifferent (the Rock). These final scenes, the best in the book, are still four times too long and crammed with cheap attempts to force excitement. But at least we have only six characters to worry about.

The book ends with a staggeringly coincidental upbeat note, implying a wonderful future in space for humanity; no matter that by that time humanity has been crippled by dozens of "minor" strikes by Shiva's smaller cousins and will have to spend the next century licking its wounds.

As far as this kind of book goes, it is probably the best of its type. It is easily the best one I've read, but it will also be the last. There is something inherently false in a large-scale disaster novel. It can be effective and affecting to show ten or fifteen people dealing with their impending deaths. But it becomes impossible to feel the disaster that affects millions of people. The scale is too large, and emotion becomes secondary. Unless the narrative is in the hands of a highly skilled writer, the book becomes cheap sensationalism.

I am a bit disturbed by the byline. Gregory Benford is a physicist and writer whose previous work has been characterized by thoughtful prose and careful craftsmanship. He is a writer who is just as interested in the feelings of his characters as he is in the design of their spaceship. I haven't read enough of William Rotsler to form an opinion, but I would hazard a guess that *Shiva Descending* is mostly Rotsler with Benford supplying the technical expertise. The technical aspects of the book seem accurate and believable and are the best parts of the novel.

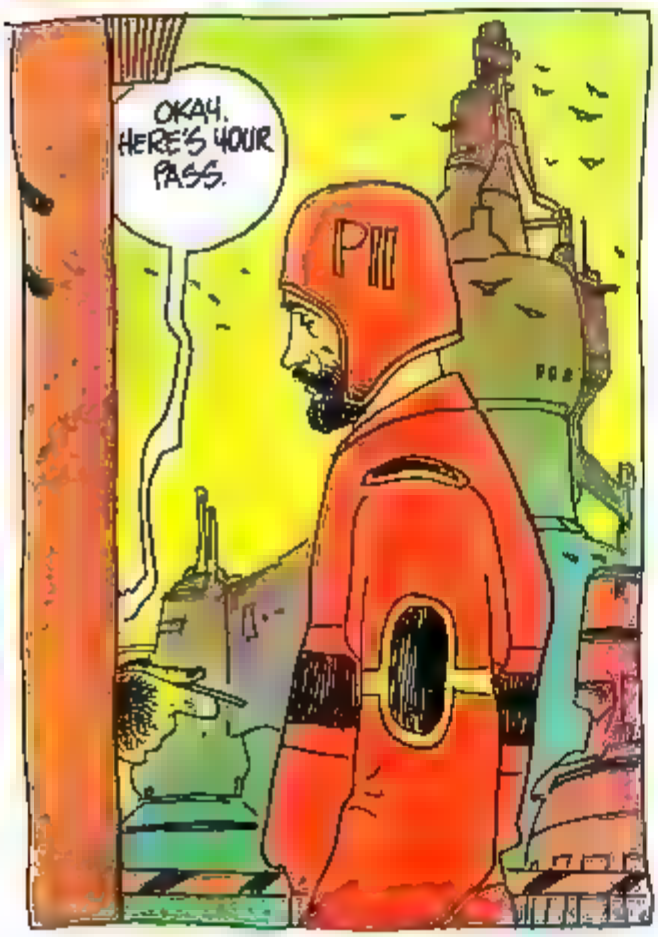
As for myself, I'm going off to write a book about a Big Rock coming down where nobody cares. I will populate the narrative with people watching TV, drinking beer, playing squash, and generally exhibiting not the slightest interest in the Rock beginning to fill the sky. At least I will be burrowing into the only remaining vein of ore left in this thoroughly strip-mined idea.

Shiva Descending, by Gregory Benford and William Rotsler, Avon, March 1980, $2.50.
The Gate of Heaven, by Paul F. Preuss, Bantam, May 1980, $1.95. ●

IF THERE IS ONE SUPREME DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE LIVING AND THE DEAD,
...IT IS THAT THE DEAD HAVE CEASED TO WONDER
LIKE THE COWS IN THE FIELDS, THE DEAD HAVE ENDLESS TIME TO RUMINATE..
FOR THE DEAD THERE ARE UNIVERSES UPON UNIVERSES TO EXPLORE.
UNIVERSES OF NOTHING BUT MATTER...
I ARRIVE IN NEW CALCUTTA NEAR NOON. A SPIRITUALLY DESOLATED AMBIENCE.
ALREADY I FEEL RIVERS OF CITY SEDIMENTS FLOWING THROUGH ME
THE RIVER IS SWOLLEN, STREAKED WITH LIGHT...
LIKE A SMALL TROUT I BEGIN TO SWIM UP STREET...

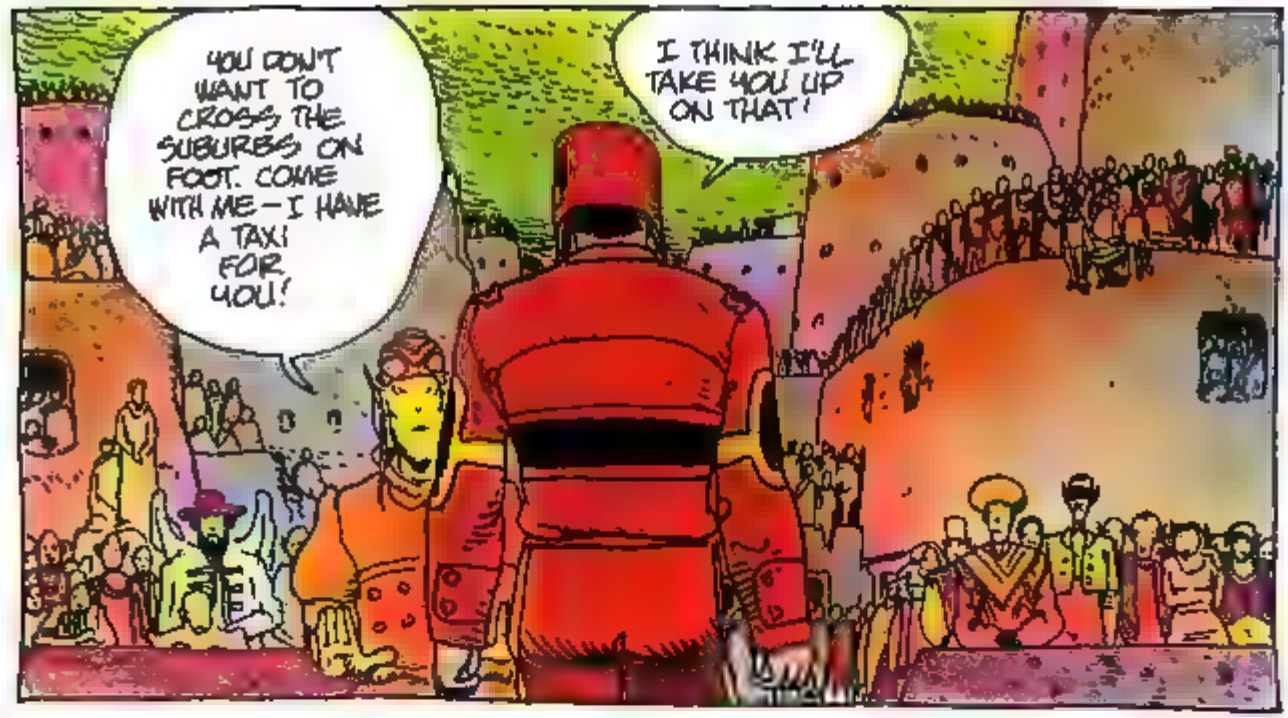
SHORE LEAVE

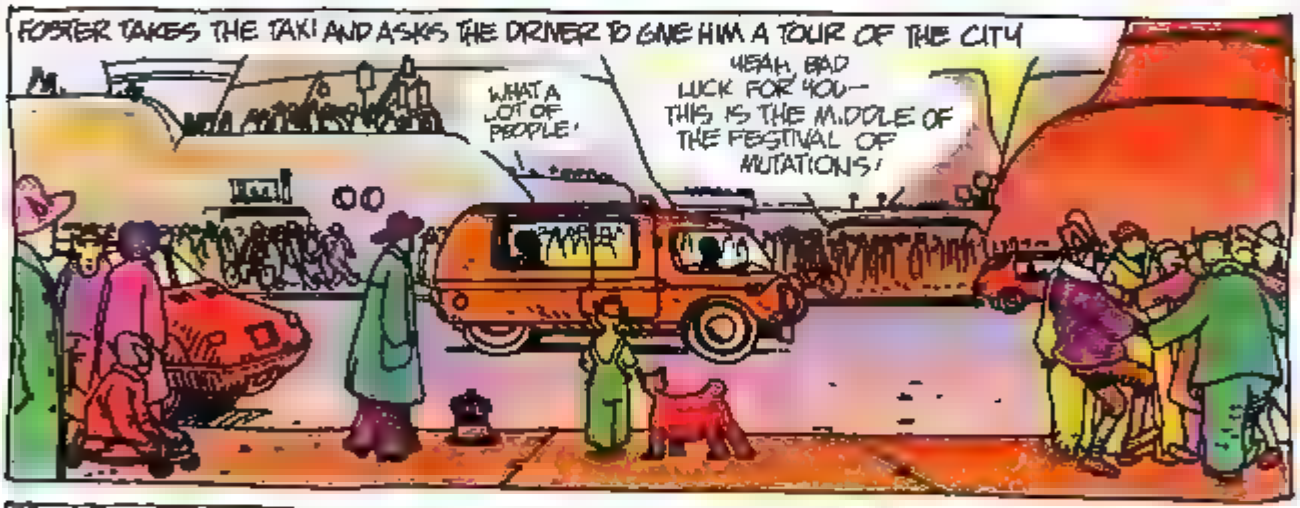
BY MOEBIUS



BACK ON BOARD SHIP NOBODY SAID WE NEEDED ANY PASS TO GO INTO THE TOWN ALL THEY SAID WAS "WHEN YOU LEAVE THE ZONE, GIVE YOUR NAME TO THE GUY AT THE EXIT," WHICH I DID
PII

HMM LET ME EXPLAIN THINGS KAZO
YOU'RE FROM THE P.I, KAZO, AND THE P.I. HASN'T BEEN DOWN TO PHARAGO FOR TWO YEARS. IN THE MEANTIME, WE'VE GONE INTO PHASE IV, WHICH EXPLAINS WHY YOU NEED THAT PASS.
THE HELL YOU SAY! BUT I'LL TAKE THAT PASS
HERE YOU GO. SOMEONE WILL ASK FOR IT IN TOWN HAVE A PLEASANT WALK
YOU'RE AN EARTH-MAN, AREN'T YOU? I CAN TELL AN EARTHMAN RIGHT OFF! AND I'LL BET THIS IS YOUR FIRST TIME ON PHARAGO, RIGHT?
WHY? DO YOU HAVE SOMETHING AGAINST EARTH-MEN?
NOT AT ALL! ISN'T EARTH THE MOTHER PLANET OF THE GALAXY?
OF ALL THE GALAXIES! PHARAGO! SO LONG!

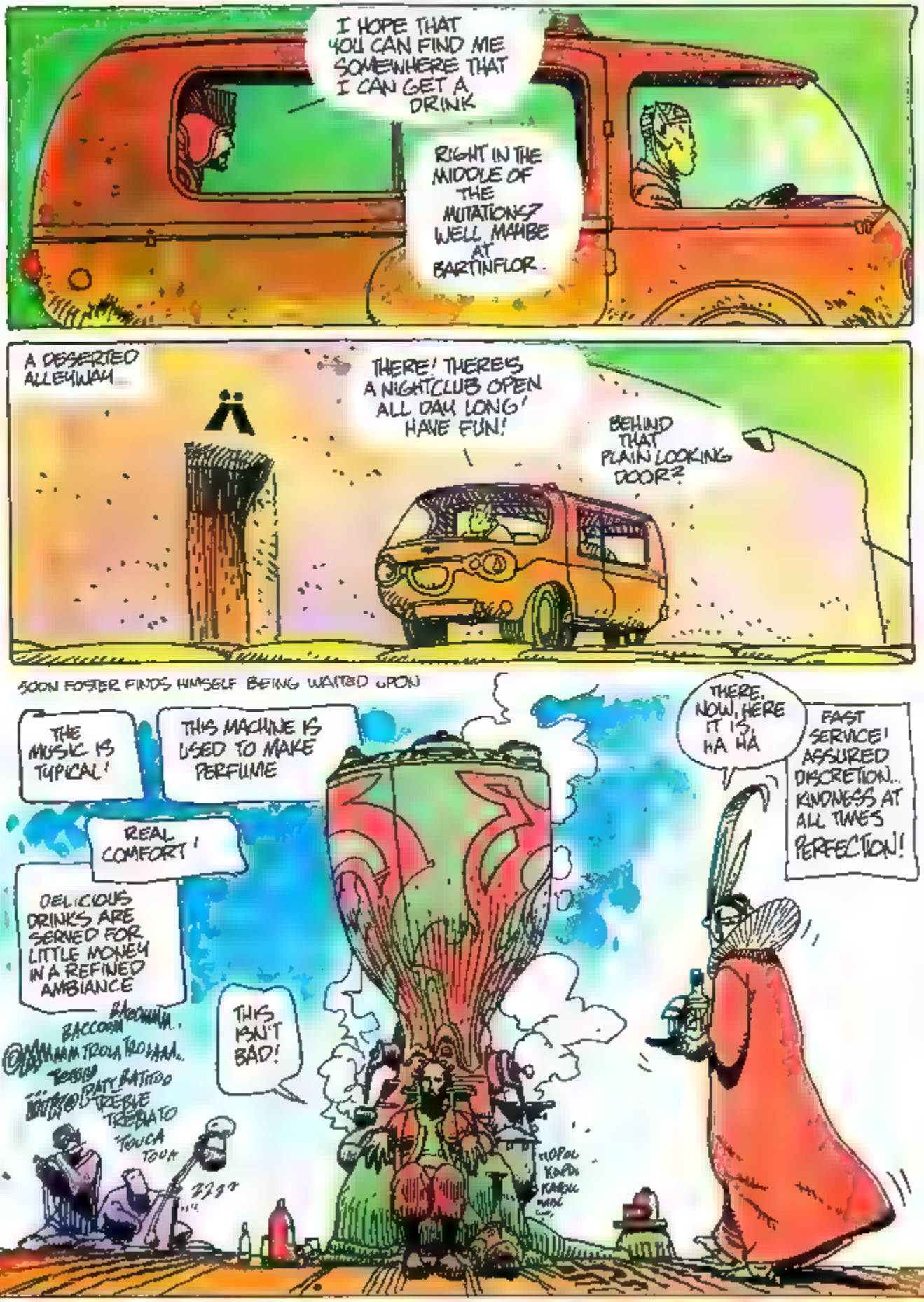

YOU DON'T WANT TO CROSS THE SUBURBS ON FOOT. COME WITH ME – I HAVE A TAXI FOR YOU!
I THINK I'LL TAKE YOU UP ON THAT!


FOSTER TAKES THE TAXI AND ASKS THE DRIVER TO GIVE HIM A TOUR OF THE CITY
WHAT A LOT OF PEOPLE!
YEAH, BAD LUCK FOR YOU– THIS IS THE MIDDLE OF THE FESTIVAL OF MUTATIONS!

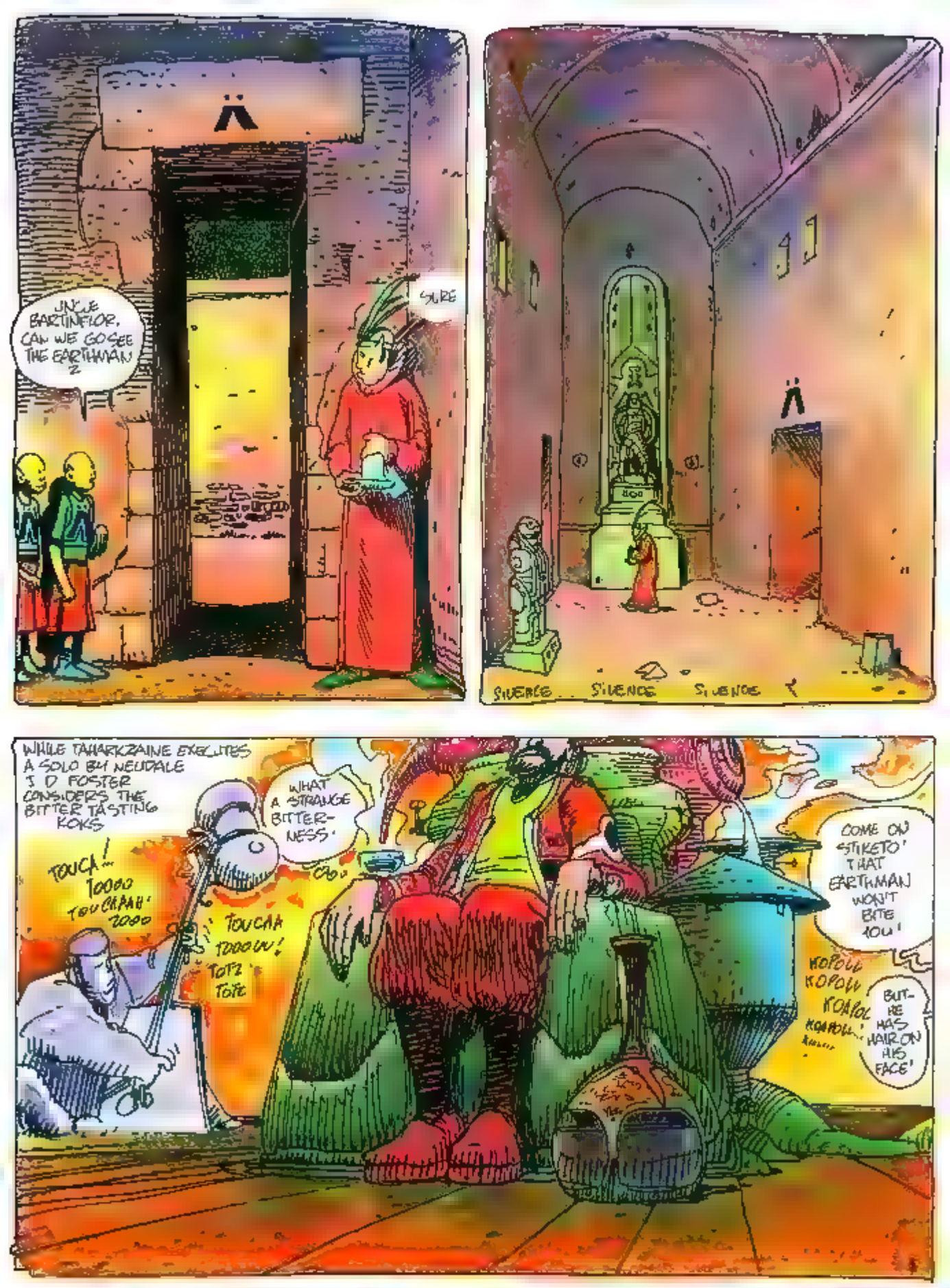
THE FESTIVAL OF MUTATIONS? NO ONE SAID ANYTHING ON THE PII ABOUT A FESTIVAL OF MUTATIONS... JUST WHAT IS IT ANYWAY, THIS FESTIVAL?

IT'S A DAY OF RELAXATION TO MARK THE MUTATIONS' ALL OVER PHARAGONESCIA, ESPECIALLY NOW THAT WE'VE ENTERED INTO PHASE II.

OH, YEAH... PHASE II.
AH! IT'S BETTER TO BE PRUDENT!... YOU'RE FROM EARTH AREN'T YOU? I'D BET ON IT!


I HOPE THAT YOU CAN FIND ME SOMEWHERE THAT I CAN GET A DRINK
RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MUTATIONS? WELL MAYBE AT BARTINFLOR.
A DESERTED ALLEYWAY...
THERE! THERE'S A NIGHTCLUB OPEN ALL DAY LONG! HAVE FUN!
BEHIND THAT PLAIN LOOKING DOOR?
SOON FOSTER FINDS HIMSELF BEING WAITED UPON
THE MUSIC IS TYPICAL!
THIS MACHINE IS USED TO MAKE PERFUME
REAL COMFORT!
DELICIOUS DRINKS ARE SERVED FOR LITTLE MONEY IN A REFINED AMBIANCE
THERE, NOW, HERE IT IS, HA HA
FAST SERVICE! ASSURED DISCRETION... KINDNESS AT ALL TIMES PERFECTION!
THIS ISN'T BAD!

AND, A FEW SECONDS LATER.
A GLASS OF GOOD KOKS, WITH THE NECESSARY STRIKES FOR IT, IN A SMALL BOX ON A WOODEN TRAY.. ALL IN THE PHARAONAISE TRADITION..
YOU MUST BE AN EARTHMAN, OR I KNOW NOTHING AT ALL! AH! AH!... "THE GOOD EARTH," AS YOU SAY. HERE, TASTE THIS KOKS IF YOU WILL! THE GOOD LIQUOR OF THE SANDS.
HMM..
DELICIOUS. IS IT NOT? TAKE YOUR TIME, EARTHMAN STRIKE AND TASTE SLOWLY THIS NECTAR, WHICH COMES TO US FROM THE FARAWAY DESERT TO THE EAST. MEAN-WHILE, BOECTOO AND TAHARKZAINE WILL PLAY FOR YOU AN ORIGINAL ARRANGEMENT BY TAHARKZAINE HIMSELF OF "BAWELD OOF MHT STAERS TAKKE STAERS OLONG" WITH THIS, I TAKE MY LEAVE OF YOU, FOR I HAVE CERTAIN THINGS TO DO..


Ä
JN'JE BARTINFLOR, CAN WE GO SEE THE EARTHMAN ?
SURE
SILENCE
SILENCE
SILENCE
Ä
WHILE TAHARKZAINE EXECUTES A SOLO BY NEUDALE J D FOSTER CONSIDERS THE BITTER TASTING KOKS
TOUCA! ... TOOOO TOUCAAH! ... TOOO
WHAT A STRANGE BITTER-NESS.
CAO
TOUCAA TOOOW! TOTZ TOTZ
COME ON STIKETO' THAT EARTHMAN WON'T BITE YOU!
KOPOW KOPOW KOAPOL KOAPOL
BUT-HE HAS HAIR ON HIS FACE!

CHOO BEEE OUTOOOM
KOOKSTEBOO OUTOOOOOM
BZZZ OOO ZZOOO
BLAB
BLAB BLAB
OOOO! MM DESERT ROSE! YOUUU PRICKK MEEE AT MY FINGER'S ENDDO!
HE DRANK HIS KOKS WITHOUT STRIKING.
NO!
HEY, STIKETO! COME HERE!
THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR! HE'S PARALYZED!
BUT WHAT IF UNCLE BARTIN-FLOR COMES BACK?
DON'T BE AN IDIOT! COME ON. COME HERE! I BET YOU'VE NEVER SEEN AN EARTHMAN SO CLOSE UP!
BUT HE DRANK HIS KOKS WITHOUT TAKING STRIKES FIRST! WHO KNOWS WHAT COULD HAPPEN?
OOOH! MY ROSEEE! MIIIIIIE ROSEEE!
MCBRIDE 73

SPLOZZZ
OH, UNCLE BARTIN-FLOR! THE EARTHMAN! HE'S STARTING TO FLOAT LIKE A BARGE WITH MALMOZ RIDING ON TOP OF HIM!
A WIND OF PANIC BLOWS THROUGH THE NIGHTCLUB
HELP! GET ME DOWN!
IMPERTURBABLE TAHARKZAINE LETS LOOSE SOLO AFTER SOLO
TOOOLAH!.. TOODLE DOODLE TLABB!.. THABBB DOWCH!.. TOTZ TOTZ
CHOF CHOF!
MALMOZ! HOLD ON AS TIGHT AS YOU CAN!
HERE, NOW! WHAT'S GOING ON?
7
MGEB

TO BE CONTINUED

SPECIAL

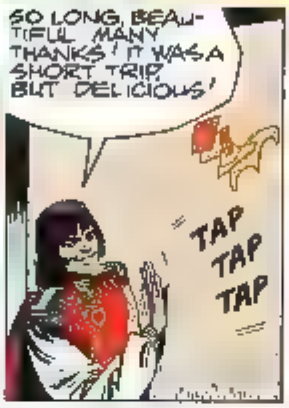
Mystery Pictograf

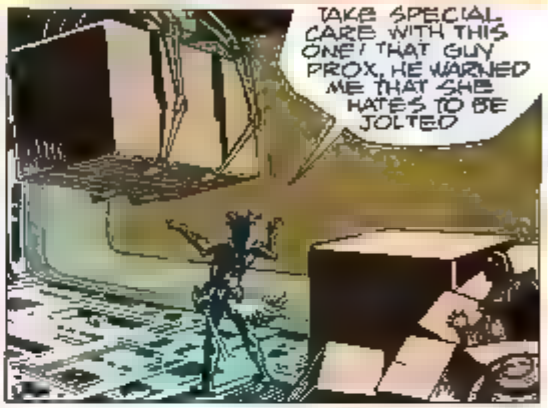
The origin of this pictograf is as much a mystery to the Federation as its gruesome subject matter. It was found by a researcher in the Tsailerol colonies section of the Federation Archives and has since become an object of intense controversy. The figures depicted are not Tsailerol, but the 'altar' may contain some precolonial Tsailerol inscriptions (a symbol for air and another for gift) The image does clearly depict the sacrifice of a creature (or creatures) by others of its own kind to a huge balloonlike beast.

The Tsailerol, like all other Federation members, regard sacrifice or like practices as antilife. It is very important to them and to the Federation to have this pictograf identified. Readers of this publication are urged to supply any information they might have on the picture and its contents. All data supplied will be immediately forwarded to the Federation Group Research Organization, Earth Any help will be greatly appreciated.

From the *Stellar Journals of* **Karl Kofoed**

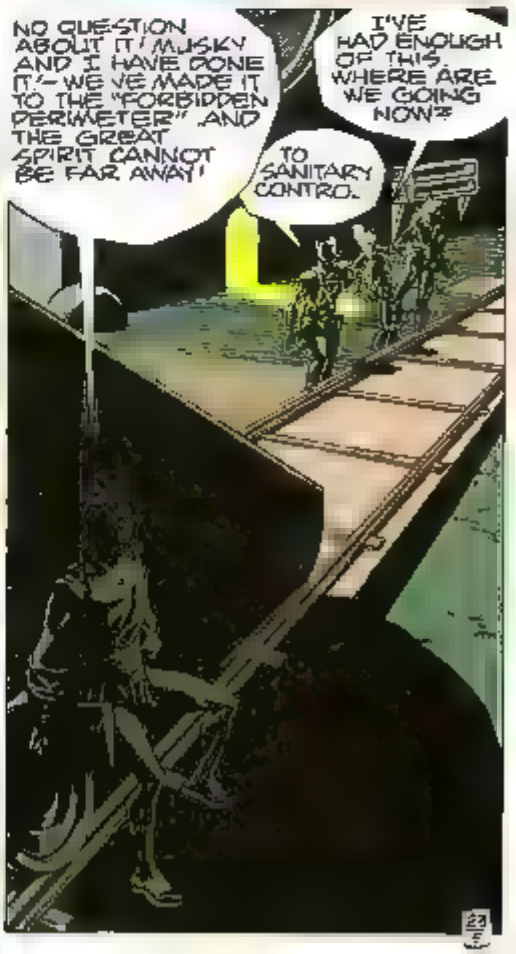
the alchemist supreme
part three
By godard and ribera



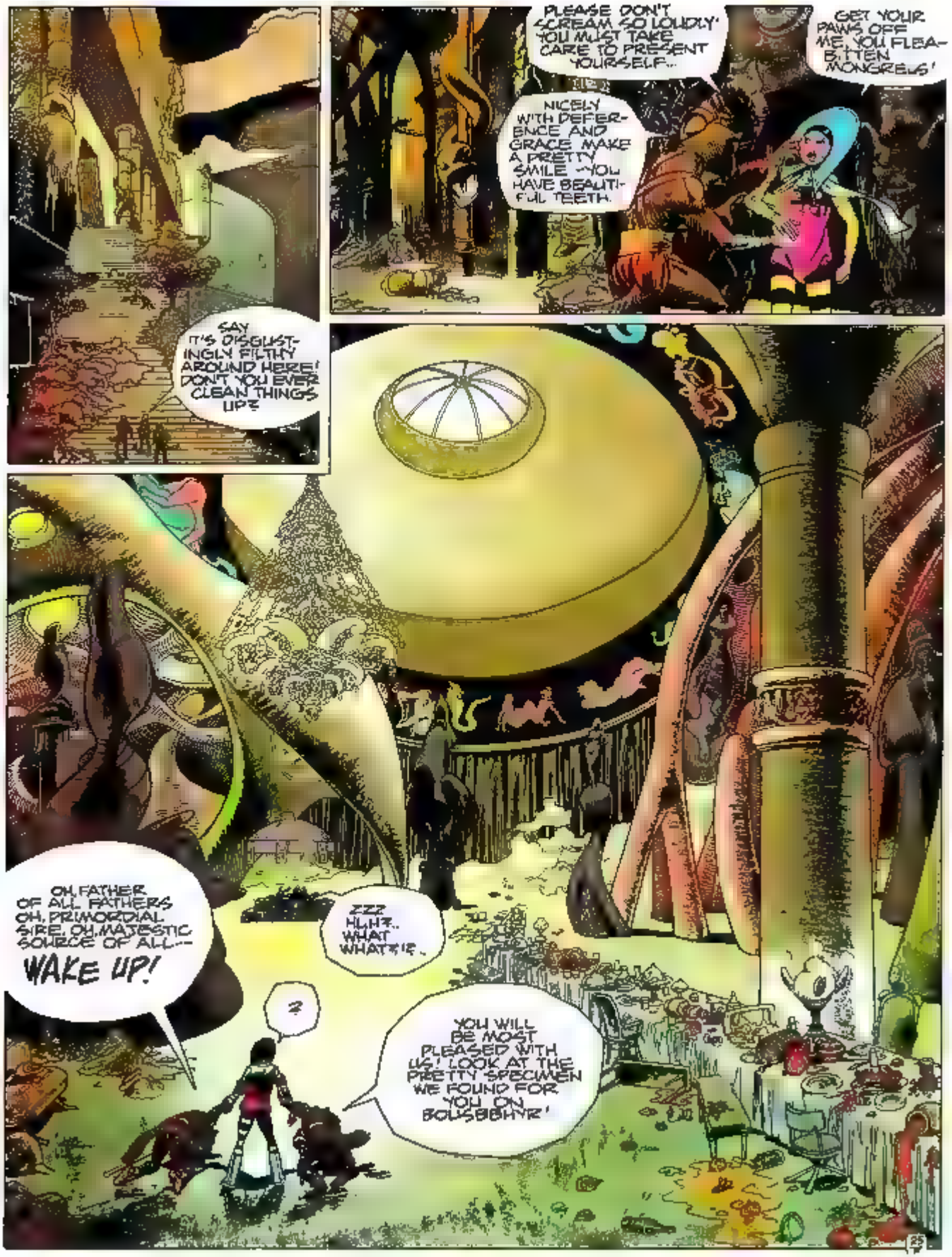


WHILE ON THE GROUND, THERE ARE MORE SENTRY SCREENS AND RADAR UNITS THAN I'VE SEEN ON ANY BASE BEFORE! A MOSQUITO COULDN'T SLIP THROUGH THIS NET UNDETECTED!

ONLY A MADMAN WOULD TRY TO PENETRATE SUCH A DEFENSE NETWORK. BUT IF HE DID HE WOULDN'T GET FAR AGAINST THE PURPLE GUARD'S ARTILLERY UNITS. THEY MUST HAVE HUNDREDS OF THESE THINGS!


NO QUESTION ABOUT IT! MUSKY AND I HAVE DONE IT! - WE'VE MADE IT TO THE "FORBIDDEN PERIMETER" AND THE GREAT SPIRIT CANNOT BE FAR AWAY!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS... WHERE ARE WE GOING NOW?
TO SANITARY CONTROL.

GET IN THE MACHINE. THAT WAY WE CAN BE SURE YOU'RE IN GOOD HEALTH AND CARRY NO GERMS
I WON'T! I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE ANOTHER SINGLE STEP UNTIL YOU TELL ME WHY YOU'VE BROUGHT ME HERE!
A VERITABLE TREASURE CHEST OF NAVETE.
I WONDER WHAT THAT ONE WAS DOING ON BOUSB BHNR OF ALL PLACES?
VERY STRANGE THERE ARE MOLOSSES ALL OVER THIS PLACE, AND MOLOSSES HAVE THE KEENEST SENSE OF SMELL- BUT NONE OF THEM HAVE SNIFFED ME OUT!
I WONDER WHY?
LET'S GO WE'LL ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS NOW, SINCE YOUR MEMORIES WILL BE WIPED WHEN YOU LEAVE ANYWAY.
YOU ARE HERE TO DISTRACT THE ALL-HIGH!
HUH?
DISTRACT THE...? SINCE WHEN DOES THE ALL-HIGH LIKE TO BE DISTRACTED BY YOUNG BOYS?!?
DISTRACT THE ALL-HIGH? NOW I'VE HEARD IT ALL! HEY, YOU— THE ALL-HIGH! LOOK AT ME!


SAY IT'S DISGUSTINGLY FILTHY AROUND HERE! DON'T YOU EVER CLEAN THINGS UP?
PLEASE DON'T SCREAM SO LOUDLY! YOU MUST TAKE CARE TO PRESENT YOURSELF...
NICELY WITH DEFERENCE AND GRACE MAKE A PRETTY SMILE --YOU HAVE BEAUTIFUL TEETH.
GET YOUR PAWS OFF ME, YOU FLEA-BITTEN MONGRELS!
OH, FATHER OF ALL FATHERS OH, PRIMORDIAL SIRE, OH, MAJESTIC SOURCE OF ALL-- WAKE UP!
ZZZ HUH?.. WHAT WHAT'S IT..
?
YOU WILL BE MOST PLEASED WITH US! LOOK AT THE PRETTY SPECIMEN WE FOUND FOR YOU ON BOUSBBHYR!
25

I HOPE FOR YOUR SAKES THAT YOU HAVEN'T DRAGGED ME FROM MY SLUMBERS FOR NOTHING, NUISANCE HOUNDS! LET GO OF ME, YOU-GO BACK TO SLEEP!
SNORE.
ZZZZ
SN. ORE
OOAAHHGH HOW OLD?
ABOUT TWELVE
THIRTEEN! YOU MANGLER OF OLD SHOES! YOU FIRE-HYDRANT PISSER! YOU ASSHOLE-SNIFFER!
SHHH.!
THE CREDIT SHOULD GO TO PYROKK OH FATHER OF ALL FATHERS--HE'S THE ONE WHO FOUND HER! HE'S THE SHARPEST TRACKER IN ALL THE GREAT PACK
THE SUBTLE PERFUME OF EARLY ADOLES-CENCE IS THE MOST INTOXICAT-NG OF APHRO-DISIACS COME CLOSER TO ME, MY PRETTY JEWEL
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A SWIFT KICK IN YOUR BALLS?
I SEE I HARDLY SUS-PECTED THAT ONE SUCH AS SHE COULD STILL BE FOUND ON BOUSBBHYR! YOU'VE DONE WELL BOTH OF YOU! YOU'RE GOOD DOGGIES
TAKE IT EASY, LITTLE CLOWN!--AND YOU I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE THE ALL POWERFUL OR JUST A VULGAR SATRAP! TOUCH A HAIR OF THAT BOY, AND I'LL DISEM-BOWEL YOU!
YOU TOOK YOUR TIME, AXLE.

"THAT BOY"?!?
?
SNIF SNIF SNIF
SNIFF SNIF
YOU ARE AWARE OF THE SUBTLE FINESSE OF THE MOLOSS'S SENSE OF SMELL, ETERNAL FATHER--SO YOU CAN BE CERTAIN THIS IS NO BOY'
THIS IS DEFINITELY A GIRL'
YOU'RE A GIRL?
WELL, SURE YOU'RE NOT GOING TO MAKE A BIG THING OF IT ARE YOU?
BUT--BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?
SO WHAT DID I KNOW?*
*SEE "LES CHAVOGNARDS DU COSMOS," DARGAUD, FRANCE
WHO IS THAT MAN?
I SNIFF SNIFF DON'T KNOW. HE HAS NO PERCEPTIBLE ODOR
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
IT'S UNBELIEVABLE. ALL RIGHT UNLESS HE WAS RECENTLY SUBMERGED FULLY DRESSED IN A MATRICYALE. YOU KNOW HOW HUNGRY THEY ARE
EVEN FOR ODORS
THIS IS ALL SO CRAZY! AXLE IS MY BEST FRIEND--YOU SHOULD TALK TO HIM BELIEVE ME, YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED.--HE CAN DISTRACT YOU!
HE CAME TO TAKE YOU BACK DID HE? IS HE IN LOVE WITH YOU?
NO WITH ANOTHER AND IT'S BECAUSE OF HER THAT HE HAD TO SEE YOU. OH AXEL, THEY'LL KILL YOU IF YOU DON'T GO

AHHHH, LOVE ! NOTHING ELSE IS REAL!
I FULLY UNDERSTAND NOW, BORPS! THAT MAN-- LEAVE HIM ALONE!
BUT, SUBLIME SIRE! I MUST TELL YOU!
SHUT UP GO OUT AND GET LOST! AND KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT WHERE THE PURPLE GUARD IS CONCERNED.
I'M FED UP WITH THAT BAND OF INCOMPETENTS!
IT'S BEEN SUCH A LONG TIME SINCE I HAD A REAL COMPANION TO TALK TO COME TO MY TABLE AND TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT!
JUST A MOMENT! THE STORY THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY SAYS THAT THE GREAT PACK GUARDS THE ALL-POWERFUL, THE ETERNAL FATHER--GOD, IN SHORT! BUT THE GREAT PACK GUARDS YOU! WHO ARE YOU?
HMMPH I'M NO LONGER ANYTHING AT ALL, MY FRIEND! I AM NOTHING! NOTHING BUT AN OLD, TIRED-OUT PERSON WHO CARES FOR NOTHING AT ALL! NOTHING!
REALLY? NOTHING?
NOTHING BESIDES EATING, DRINKING, AND KISSING MY PRETTY JEWEL!
HEY!?!
28

WATCH OUT! HE'S MANIC-DEPRESSIVE. IF YOU GIVE HIM ANY ENCOURAGEMENT HE'LL WHIMPER FOR HOURS
BUT WHAT ABOUT BEFORE THIS? WHO DID YOU USED TO BE? A PRINCE? A KING? MASTER OF AN EMPIRE? THE HOLDER OF SOME GREAT SECRET?
AHHH BEFORE
I WAS A MARVEL! THE PALTRY WORDS OF THOSE GROTESQUE EX-PRIESTS COULD NOT DESCRIBE ME! I WAS A POWER-PURE WILL-- AND I FILLED UP THE EMPTINESS TO OVERFLOWING WITH AN INCOMPREHENSIBLE AND UNUSED POWER I WAS BLIND AND DEAF AND FILLED WITH FURY INFINITY WAS MY PRISON AND ETERNITY MY EXASPERATION!
I'LL SAY THIS HE SPEAKS PRETTY WELL FOR AN OLD DRUNK!
FINALLY I'D HAD ENOUGH I PICKED MYSELF UP FROM EVERYWHERE THE VAST FORCE WHICH HAD PERMEATED INFINITY SHRANK FASTER AND FASTER MY WILL BECAME MORE INTENSE MORE CONCENTRATED, AND YET MORE ANGRY, AND I FOCUSED IT ON ONE SINGLE POINT JUST ONE-- THERE
AND THEN?
AND THEN, I DON'T KNOW I BURST OUT SOMEHOW SOMEWHERE AN EXPLOSION FROM EVERYWHERE BUT I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT TO YOU I'D NEED TO TURN LOOSE A TORRENT OF WORDS WHICH HAVE YET TO BE INVENTED
I WAS THE LIGHT THE FIRE AND THE FOLLY PFAUGH! WHEN I THINK ABOUT IT-- WHAT FIREWORKS, WHAT SPECTACLE, WHAT WASTE!
HE CAN BE QUITE EXTRAVAGANT-- EVEN PROFLIGATE, YOU MIGHT SAY

SO THEN WHAT HAPPENED?
OH, NOT MUCH. THE USUAL DAILY GRIND. THE ORIGINAL EXPLOSION. THAT WHOLE CABOODLE, REALLY EXHAUSTED ME. YES, THAT'S WHEN THE FATIGUE BEGAN, MY SLY ONE. GLUG GURGLE.
AND ALMOST IMMEDIATELY I MADE A CURIOUS DISCOVERY! YOU MIGHT SAY THAT I INVENTED SUBSTANCE!
AND SO IT CAME TO PASS. I HAD NOT YET REALIZED THAT THE CURSE COMES FROM THE SUBSTANCE--THAT MATTER CAN'T ENGENDER ANYTHING GOOD! ALAS! IT WAS ALREADY TOO LATE! EVEN THE ALL-POWERFUL CAN'T GO BACK! AHHH IF ONLY I COULD DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN
I'D HAVE DONE BETTER TO STAY QUIETLY AS I WAS TO ENJOY THE EMPTINESS THE INFINITY, THE ETERNITY...AS A MAD IDIOT PERHAPS, BUT-
BAONG!
OKAY I CAN SEE HOW YOU FEEL BUT HERE WE ARE. ANYWAY-- THERE'S NO GETTING AWAY FROM THAT.
AND WHO ASKED YOUR I KNOW THAT BETTER THAN ANYONE, PIP-SQUEAK.
SO ANYWAY I SAID TO MYSELF, IT'S DONE--IT'S TOO LATE TO UNDO IT. SO THE BEST I CAN DO NOW IS TO TRY TO CREATE THE WORLD IN WHICH I WANT TO LIVE. SHIT, WHAT OTHER CHOICE WAS THERE?
SO, I HAD A LOT OF EXPERIENCES. I GROPED. I WAS STUBBORN. I THREW EVERYTHING UP INTO THE AIR SEVERAL TIMES IN A ROW. I MANIPULATED THE GENES AND I WRECKED THE LAWS OF CHANCE. I MIXED EARTH, FIRE, AND WATER. CREATED BEINGS AND RACES.
BUT, DAMN IT ALL, I HAVE TO CONFESS.
I DON'T LIKE WHAT I'M DOING!

TO BE CONTINUED

©1980 Rod Kierkegaard, Jr. "The Stardancers" is dedicated to the memory of WGTB-FM.

In the darkness the towers swayed over the garbage dumps like the owls of mad monks--
--their crazy gaze reflected by thousands of winking soft drink bottles.

COMIX by Jay Kinney

continued from page 31

pages. Like most self-published comix the price is a bit high (#3 is $1.00 for twelve pages, while #1 and #2 are 50¢ each at eight pages), but with only two hundred copies printed it is also bound to be a collector's item.

Honkytonk Sue by Bob "Boze" Bell (#1 is $2.00, #2 is $2.25 postpaid from Honkytonk Sue, 707 West Mackenzie, Phoenix, Ariz. 85013). This comic about a tough and sexy Arizona cowgirl ("The Queen of Country Swing"), is a delight. Fat (seventy-two pages), hilarious, and hip in the best sense of the word. *Honkytonk Sue* deftly satirizes Southwestern rednecks, discoids, pols, aliens, Californicans, men, women, you name it. Boze's ear for slang and vernacular is acute, and his affection for his subjects runs neck and neck with his knack for ridicule. The ink-wash-rendered drawings have a few rough edges, but his skill at caricature and sense of action more than compensate. Number 2 just out is the funniest comic I've read in months. Highly recommended.

There are several new issues of continuing titles from the main UG publishers. Few surprises, just some quality cartooning from familiar names, worth checking out. From Last Gasp (2180 Bryant Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94110) comes Bill Griffith's ***Yow*** #2 ($2.00 pp), the latest in-depth Zippy stories. Also, ***Slow Death*** #10 ($1.75 pp), a rather grim issue devoted to cancer, and ***Recuerden El Alamo*** ($1.75 pp), Jaxon's latest look at Texas history. This one is on Texas's fight for independence from Mexico.

Just out from Rip Off Press (PO Box 14158, San Francisco, Calif. 94114) ***The Forty-Year-Old Hippie*** #2 by Ted Richards ($1.50 pp). The funniest hippie burnout around and pint-size co-star Child Person (now revealed to be a male) give battle to potty monsters, dope poachers, and a horrifying (but believable) future. ***Rip Off Comics*** #6 ($1.50 pp) has a new Shelton and Mavrides Freak Brothers strip ("The Death of Fat Freddy") and a Philbert Desenex epic. As the Freak Brothers movie comes ever closer to reality (from Universal studios), watch for a minor avalanche of Freak Brothers merchandise from ROP, Inc. So far it's too early to tell whether to be impressed or depressed by it all.

Things have been tight lately at the Print Mint, with old money-makers, *Zap* comics, all out of print, as I write this column. However, here's a couple of new ones from them, co-published with Last Gasp: ***Moondog*** #4, by George Metzger ($1.50 pp), is the fourth volume in the long-running series of postapocalypse stories. ***San Francisco*** Comic Book #5 (1.50 pp) is a strange blast from the past, full of never before published stories by the likes of Griffith, Trina, Joel Beck, and Larry Todd's protege, John Burnham. Most are from the early seventies, held captive all these years in Gary Arlington's armored vaults. Better late than never. (Print Mint, 830 Folger Ave.

nue Berkeley Calif 947 0)

Leonard Rifas s Educomics has two new well-done books out. ***Gen of Hiroshima*** #1 ($ 75 pp) is the first volume in what looks to be, at the least a twenty-volume series Japanese cartoonist Keiji Nakazawa s epic antiwar story of a young boy Gen and his family who l ve in A-bomb target H roshima. runs over eleven hundred pages Judging from the first forty-eight. here in #1 it should be a revealing look at World War II Japanese cu ture. and the persona. experience of nuclear war ***Energy Comics*** #1 is an anthology comic about alternate energy sources and the drawbacks of present ones From many of the same people who bring you ***Corporate Crime Comics*** (Educomics. Box 40246 San Francisco, Calif 94140)

Finally Kitchen S nk (PO Box 7 Prince ton. Wis 54968) has a new all-Crumb ***Snoid Comics*** Mr Snoid's appea as an occasional id gnem in popping out of sewers is consider ably lessened when granted his own comic to throw tantrums n Luckily the book also has Crumb s best piece n recent years. A Short History of America" (1 50 pp).

FLIX by Bhob

continued from page 7

Hollywood) was born n 1963. established by John W lson (director of the 1970 ***Shinbone Alley*** animated feature). Bill Littlejohn (key animator on the 1961 ***Of Stars and Men*** animated feature). Les Goldman (coproducer of the 1969 ***Phantom Tollbooth*** animated feature). Bil Hurtz (director of the 953 UPA classic ***Unicorn in the Garden***). and veteran Disney studio ' animating director'' Ward K mball In 1964. Pierre Barbin, then the director of the Fest val d'Annecy, came to the United States as a guest of the State Department's Governmental Affairs Institute. hr nging with him a number of the fi ms from the 1963 Annecy Festival. (The first Annecy Festival, n 1960 was the first international film fest devoted completely to animation.) After Goldman screened these films at the Union Oil auditorium. a second screening. arranged with the assistance of UCLA n structor Bi l Shull. was held at UCLA s Royce Hall When Wilson in 1965 staged another screening at Hollywood's Huntington Hartford Theater th s showing was so suc sessful that Wilson and Kimbal. decided to present a proposa to the newly opened LA County Museum of Art. Henry Hopkins. head of educationa programs for the mu seum. recalled. "It has been so many years now but I do remember sitting in my office at the then brand-new Los Angeles County Museum of Art in 1965 I was attempting to mind my business. which was supposed to be art museum education and programming for the new Bing Theater Suddenly the ante room was filled with a clutch of chattering men perhaps Ward Kimbal Bill Little john, Les Goldman and John Wilson I watched them for a few moments through the open door as my secretary nformed me that they represented some strange group known as ASIFA I admit that ASIFA didn t have quite the same intimidating ring as FBI or CIA, but I had come to believe that the use of mystify ng initials was the exclusive prop erty of the federal government. And. if this group represented the federal government we were really n trouble Tall, short thin. heavy, goggled, bauding. d stinguished

Inside, music whispered from looped tapes, arythmically accompanied by the bongoes of the Afri-Cola Warriors.
One of them climbed onto the stage and tapped his foot three times.
Okay--shut up, everybody! This story is about the government making dancing illega.
The first part of the ballet was entitled "Rejection of the Applicants."
The dancing teacher rejected each new pupil in turn--all of them portrayed by the Second Sister.
Several of the warriors remained onstage, tripping over their robes and dropping props.

The teacher decided to instruct his students metaphysically-- they rehearsed each step with their fingers.
A movie was projected onto cardboard cut outs to create the illusion of mental exercise.

The audience started sticking their fingers into the projector's beam, making animals dance on the stage.
But the teacher was arrested anyway by the police
--who were portrayed by two of the warriors riding piggyback.

green-suited and funny—maybe they were the press corps from the Liechtenstein legation. Anyway, as I found out, they were there to pitch for the presentation of international animated films as a part of the museum's program. We talked about the importance of animation as art and of Mickey Mouse's eyes, Gertie the Dinosaur, some kook in Paris who animated with nails, the Hubleys, and vague references to exotic places like Annecy and Mamaia—even dark hints that things were going on in Eastern Europe that would boggle one's mind. I suppose I could have said no, but it never occurred to me—for then I would never have seen that wonderful group again—in every way a match for my strange artist friends."

This first International Exhibition of Animated Films went over so well that Little John, Goldman, Kimball and Wilson began planning a "road show" exhibition, which would tour annually and bring international animation to USA cultural centers. They gained the endorsement of International ASIFA members at Mamaia, Rumania, and the following year the Tournée was on its way. The late Herb Kosower became the director, organizing and running the Tournée through its second, third, and fourth exhibitions.

In 1970 Prescott Wright's background at Brandon Films and the American Film Institute led to his appointment as Tournée director. On the Tournee's tenth anniversary, Wright wrote: "It is a unique event in the annals of motion picture distribution for a short film package to survive for ten years, particularly a program as esoteric to the mass audience as international animated films. But the premiere of the 10th International Tournee at the Los Angeles County Museum marked the tenth year of the presentation of this program at the museum and the start of the 10th Tournée's tour of museums, universities and art centers in the US and Canada.

The premiere at the museum also co-celebrated the museum's own tenth anniversary, and the Tournée was its first film program. While the business of international film distribution has gyrated, and the overall market for short films in the US has declined markedly, the work of the Tournee in promoting good animated films has taken on an even more critical role. The Tournées now show at some thirty sites, including prestigious showcases like the San Francisco Museum of Art, the Pacific Film Archive, the Cinématheque Quebecoise, the Portland Art Museum, the Rochester Institute of Technology, the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis, the High Museum in Atlanta, the Parsons School of Design in New York, and many other locations. The efforts and expense in finding new films around the world, negotiating for exhibition rights, importing and customs programming, printing, and promotion are all tasks for survival in the film exhibition/distribution business, but it all becomes worthwhile when audiences spontaneously rise to the arts, crafts, and ideas of films like Bruno Bozzetto's *Self Service* or Miloš Macourek's *A Bird's Life* or Barrie Nelson's *Twins*—all in the 10th International Tournée of Animation.

The 10th Tournée's peak was Nedeljko Dragić's *Diary* Grand Prix winner at the second Zagreb International Animated Film

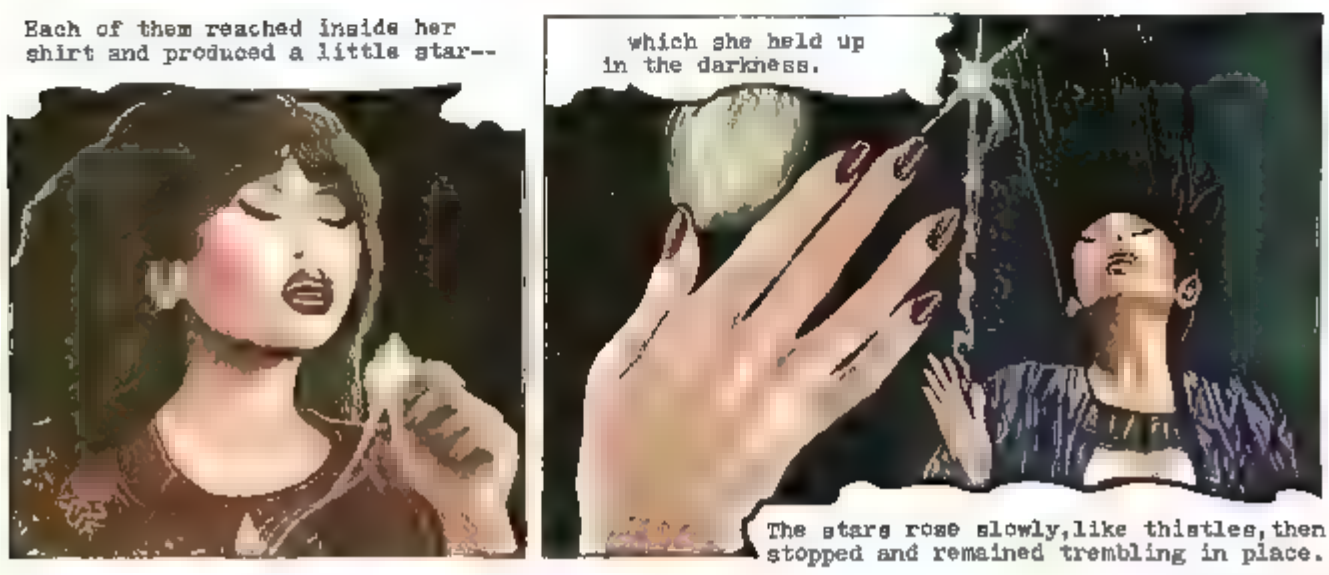
Festival in 1974. It's an animated sketchbook impression of the Yugoslav's visit to this country. A walking cycle begins in center screen, and then the character's head changes from one art style to another in rapid succession, everything from sketches to abstractions to traditional funny animal cartooning. An automobile speeds over an ever changing landscape, taking the viewer through bizarre parties and past machines that spit forth entire boxed cities and a moving alphabet jumble. Atop autos are the words "work" and "prosperity." Other letters scrape the sky in the form of tall buildings. People, words, and cities become one in multilevel drawings that transmute into a motion montage so complex the film requires several viewings. Underfoot in several scenes are two characters, animated Hollywood style, engaged in a Tex Avery type chase but, for the most part, the drawings in *Diary* are more closely allied in spirit to Saul Steinberg sophistication and Ralph Steadman venom. Dragic worked as a newspaper/magazine cartoonist throughout the fifties, joined Zagreb Film in 1961, did the book *Alphabet for Illiterates* in 1964, adapted a page from this book to make his film *Elegy* (1965), won the Annecy Grand Prix with his technology-out-of-control parable *Tamer of Wild Horses* (1966) and went from a melancholic view of the world (*Diogenes Perhaps*, 1967) to the darker humor of *Passing Days* (1969), a first-prize winner at Oberhausen. He started the fad among Zagreb artists for their many mini-minute-long short films. In the early seventies he came to the US as a 1972 Academy Award nominee (*Tup Tup*), and it was this trip that provided the inspiration for the stylistic experimentation of *Diary*, which now has to be regarded as one of the more influential, breakthrough films of the past decade. (At the time of release it was, in some quarters, unfavorably compared with Gerald Scarfe's *A Long Drawn Out Trip*, which has a similar premise.)

In the 11th Tournée another Zagreb wit, Zlatko Grgić, was featured. His *Optimist/Pessimist* (1975) has bright, crisp drawings and effective voicings as an optimist dances around a pessimist attempting to convince him of the joys of optimism while little creatures pop in/out in support (and as evidence) of his thesis. Other films in the 11th Tournee came from Belgium, Great Britain, Rumania, Canada, Iran, Italy and the US (San Francisco and LA).

The 12th Tournee, dedicated to the memory of John Hubley,** led off with John and Faith Hubley's jazzy 1959 *Tender Game*, a visual accompaniment to Ella Fitzgerald and swinging pianist Oscar Peterson. Twenty-three films later the program climaxed with the gifted Caroline Leaf's paint-on-glass technique in her 1976 Oscar-nominated *The Street*, adapted from a story by *Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz* author Mordecai Richler. Leaf's *Street*, Grand Prix winner at Ottawa '76, is emotion in motion, a tunnel through the consciousness swirl of childhood memory. Somewhere in between was Jacques Drouin's 1976 *Le Paysagiste* (*Mindscape*), surreal transformations in pinscreen animation (images formed by the shadows of thousands of movable pins set at different levels).

The 13th Tournee was dominated by object animation, with notable performances by

The students decide to give a show to protest the unfair law against dancing.
--they seemed transformed into creatures of wire and glass.
The sisters appeared at opposite ends of the stage. Suddenly, all of their awkwardness was gone-


Each of them reached inside her shirt and produced a little star--
which she held up in the darkness.
The stars rose slowly, like thistles, then stopped and remained trembling in place.

Then the sisters danced, leaping higher and higher, in long spirals,
It seemed impossible that they could hang in the air any longer...
...and suddenly they fell, shattering into little heaps of silk and splintered plastic.
Dancing will stay illegal so people won't hurt themselves. There's a good reason for everything the government does.
With a shock, I realized that they'd smashed Quintana as a prop for the Finale.

cans, beans, beads (the Oscar-nominated *Bead Game* from the National Film Board of Canada), and oranges (the citrus choreography of Minnesotan John Brister's *Mandarin Oranges*). In the thirteen-minute *Bab film* (aka *Scenes with Beans*), by Hungarian Ottó Focky of Budapest's Pannonia Film Studio, a spaceship goes into orbit to observe life on a planet populated by dark and light colored beans. Unlike the mild and unctuous peanut people in the soporific films of Mr Peanut (Ron McAdow), Focky's planet, beautifully designed and lit, has inhabitants beset by genuine strife and tragedy; the absurdity of a civilization of beans engaged in conflicts makes the film's underlying message all the stronger. With grandiose architecture towering over the street riots below, the Focky film is reminiscent of Fritz Lang's *Metropolis* (1927), and the beans have been animated with remarkably lifelike movements.

Opening titles for the Tournees are commissioned from students at animation schools, and, for the 13th, the titles were executed by James Shook, teaching assistant at Harvard's Carpenter Center for the Visual Arts. The powerful metamorphic animal drawing of *Phases* (1977), by C. Henry Selick, brought awards at Annecy, Ann Arbor, and three other festivals. Before his employment at the Disney studio, Selick studied animation with Jules Engel, head of the Department of Experimental Animation/Film Graphics at the Disney-launched CalArts (California Institute of the Arts). *Canned Performance*, from the UCLA film workshop, is a satire on Ray Harryhausen stop-motion by Hoyt Yeatman, credited as "project assistant" for his model animation work on Spielberg's *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, 1977). Yeatman came up with a monster that's gotta sing, gotta dance.

There's a dynamic dazzle in Vince Collins's four-minute *Fantasy* (1976), a tapestry of totally free-associative hallucinogenic imagery ever-evolving (iris of eye to spider to chandelier, for example). Collins is an independent San Francisco filmmaker who studied with the surrealist animator Larry Jordan (*Orb, Our Lady of the Sphere*), and he won the Best Film and Best Animation awards at the Palo Alto Filmmakers Festival with *Fantasy*. An immense faucet in the sky spits forth the Flood in a post von Däniken look at Adam, Eve, and Noah. *Fantabiblical*, by Guido Manuli (who made major contributions to Bruno Bozzetto's 1977 *Allegro Non Troppo* feature), Derek Phillips, Stan Hayward, and Ted Rockley offered humor British style in *When I'm Rich* as the power fantasies of a seedy Londoner alone with his dog are shattered by a Pythonesque punch ending. And there are more punches in *The Fight* by Marcel Jankovics, another from Hungary's Pannonia Film: Jankovic's bold-line style depicts the struggle between a sculptor and his creation. *Evening at the Pops*, made for WGBH TV (Boston) by Steve Lisberger (*Animalympics*), is a colorful musical promotional tribute to the late Arthur Fiedler. Winner of a 1977 Academy Award, *Sand Castle* was made by Jacobus 'Co' Hoedeman, a Dutchman working at the National Film Board of Canada. He animated wired foam rubber baked with sand, to fashion a strange little world where fantastic sand creatures (snakes, dwarfed elephants

three-legged lizards, starfish, and heads without bodies) cavort in the dunes until a sandstorm blows them back into the landscape from whence they came—dust unto dust.

N.N. a "tale of humanity and resourcefulness," is low key humor from Borivoj Dovnikovic, a former book illustrator/comic strip artist and a Zagreb veteran since 1958. Dovnikovic and Aleksandar Marks, along with several other longtime Zagreb talents, drew cartoons in the early fifties for the satirical magazine *Kerempuh*. Marks and Vladimir Jutrisa, whose *Nightmare* of fantasies/fears drifts across the Tournee screen like a Poesque terrordream, are founding Zagreb artists who began as a collaborative team twenty-five years ago while working on Yugoslavia's first color cartoon, Nikola Kostelac's *Little Red Riding Hood* (1955), for Zora Film.

The 13th Tournee is dedicated to the late Zelimir Matko, director of the Zagreb studio, whose promotional efforts made these films known throughout the world. How did Zagreb maintain its high level of quality and creativity for so many years? "Well, maybe it's the coffee shop in our backyard," a Zagreb artist might respond, smiling. For it was here that the Zagreb animators/directors/designers came together as a creative community, generated an atmosphere of trust and engaged in a friendly and open exchange of ideas and information. The following statement, by Marks, Jutrisa, Dovnikovic, Dragic, Grgic, Ante Zaninovic (*Of Holes and Corks*) and Dušan Vukotic (*Ersatz*) provides a few more clues:

Animation is an animated film.
A protest against the stationary condition.
Animation transporting movement of nature directly cannot be creative animation.
Animation is a technical process in which the final result must always be creative.
To animate: to give life and soul to a design, not through the copying but through the transformation of reality.
Life is warmness.
Warmness is movement.
Movement is life.
Animation is giving life: it means giving warmth.
Animation could be tepid, warm, or boiling.
Cold animation is not animation.
It is a stillborn child.
Practically, animation is a long rubbing of tree against tree in order to get sparkle or perhaps just a little smoke.
Take on kilo of ideas (not too confused if possible), 5 dkg of talent, 10 dkg of hard work, and a few thousands of designs.
Shake it all together, and if you are lucky you will not get the right answer to the question.

16MM FILM RENTAL GUIDE

To book the current Tournee contact: Prescott J. Wright, FilmWright, 4530 Eighteenth Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94114 (415 863-6100).

When I woke up, the First Sister was missing from the bed.
After a few minutes, I got up to look for her.
The walls glowed in the moonlight; I followed their fluorescence to the window.
She was standing off in the distance, pale and electric in her nightgown.
surrounded by the Cannibals.
As I watched, they raised their plexiglass visors to stare up at me.

To Be Continued

"My men wear HEAVY METAL t-shirts, or they wear nothing at all."

"You're not whistling 'Dixie,' little lady! We only wear the finest form-fitting cotton . . . which I feel accentuates my manly physique. Ray here likes the way the colors blend with his ruddy complexion. No matter what you look like, the HEAVY METAL t-shirt (available in red or black) is the message for summer."

HEAVY METAL
Dept. 780
635 Madison Avenue
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Black Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large ☐
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Enclosed please find my check or money order Please send me _____ HEAVY METAL t-shirt(s) at $6.00 (plus 60¢ per shirt for postage and handling)

Name _____
Address _____
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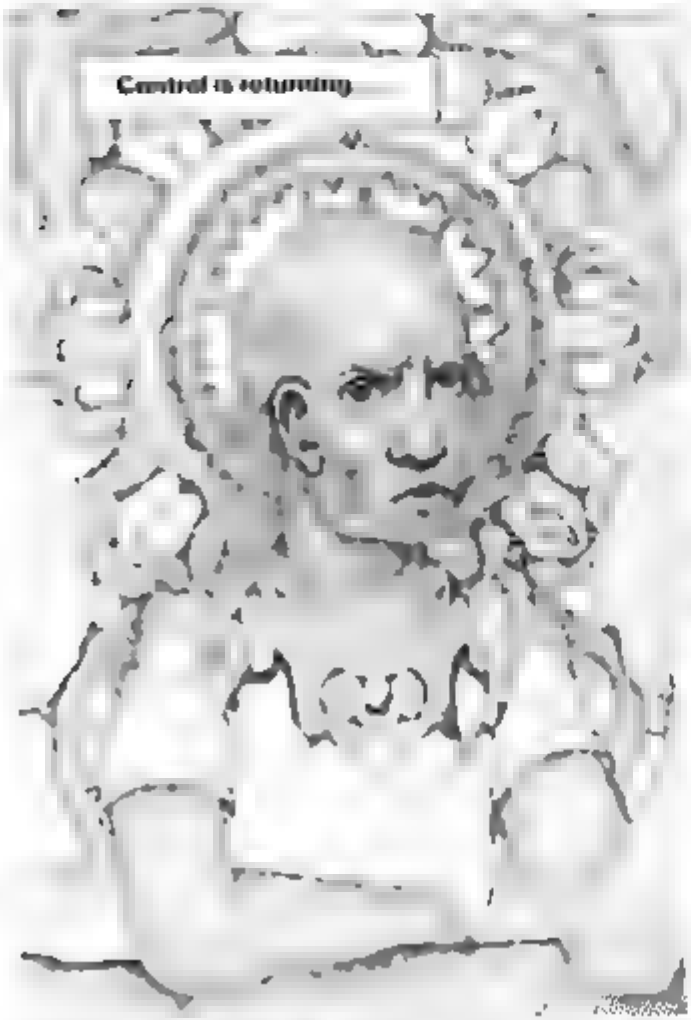
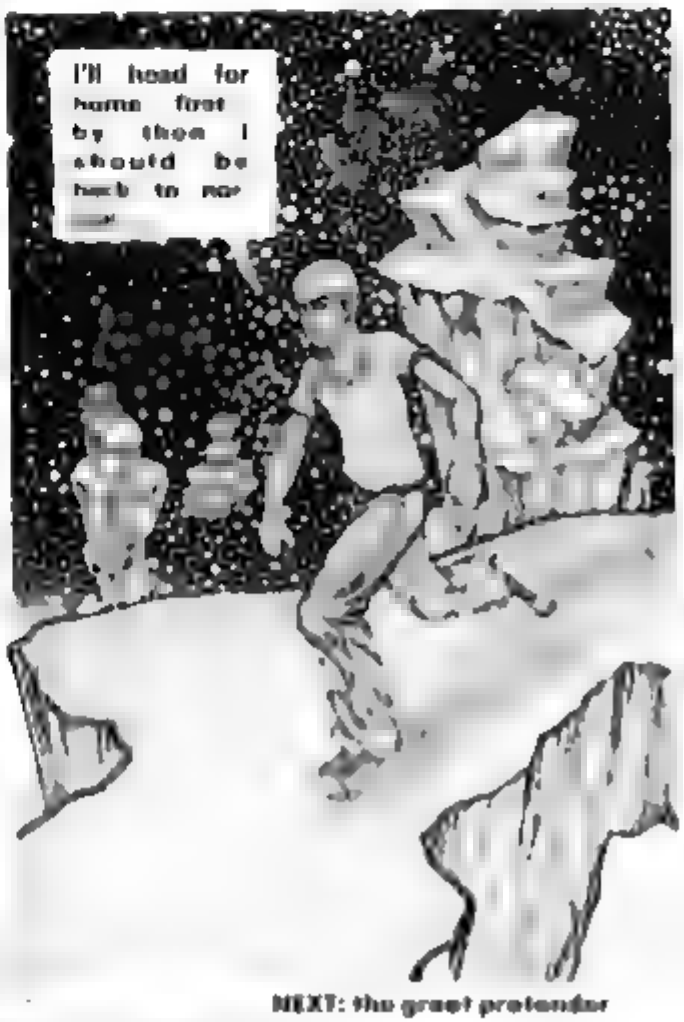
If you do wish to order but do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, please print or type all the necessary info, and enclose it with a check or money order

Changes

Matt Howart

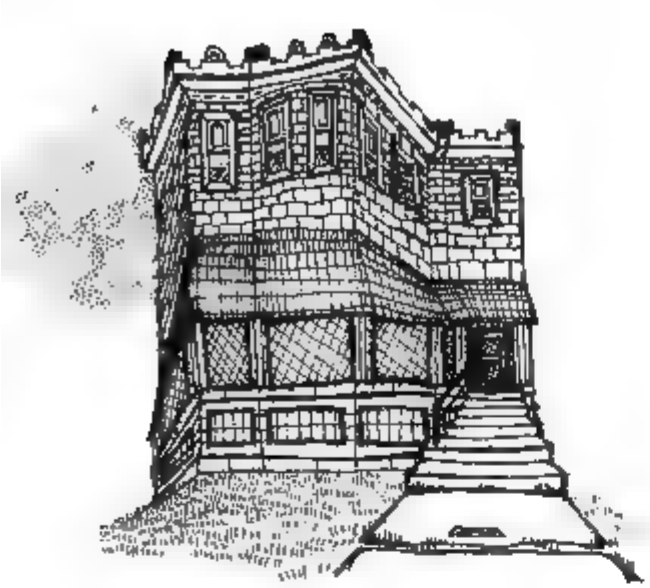




NEXT: the great pretender

THE MERIDIAN PILGRIMAGE BY THE LATE JULIAN CROSS/HOWARTH

the Cold Front

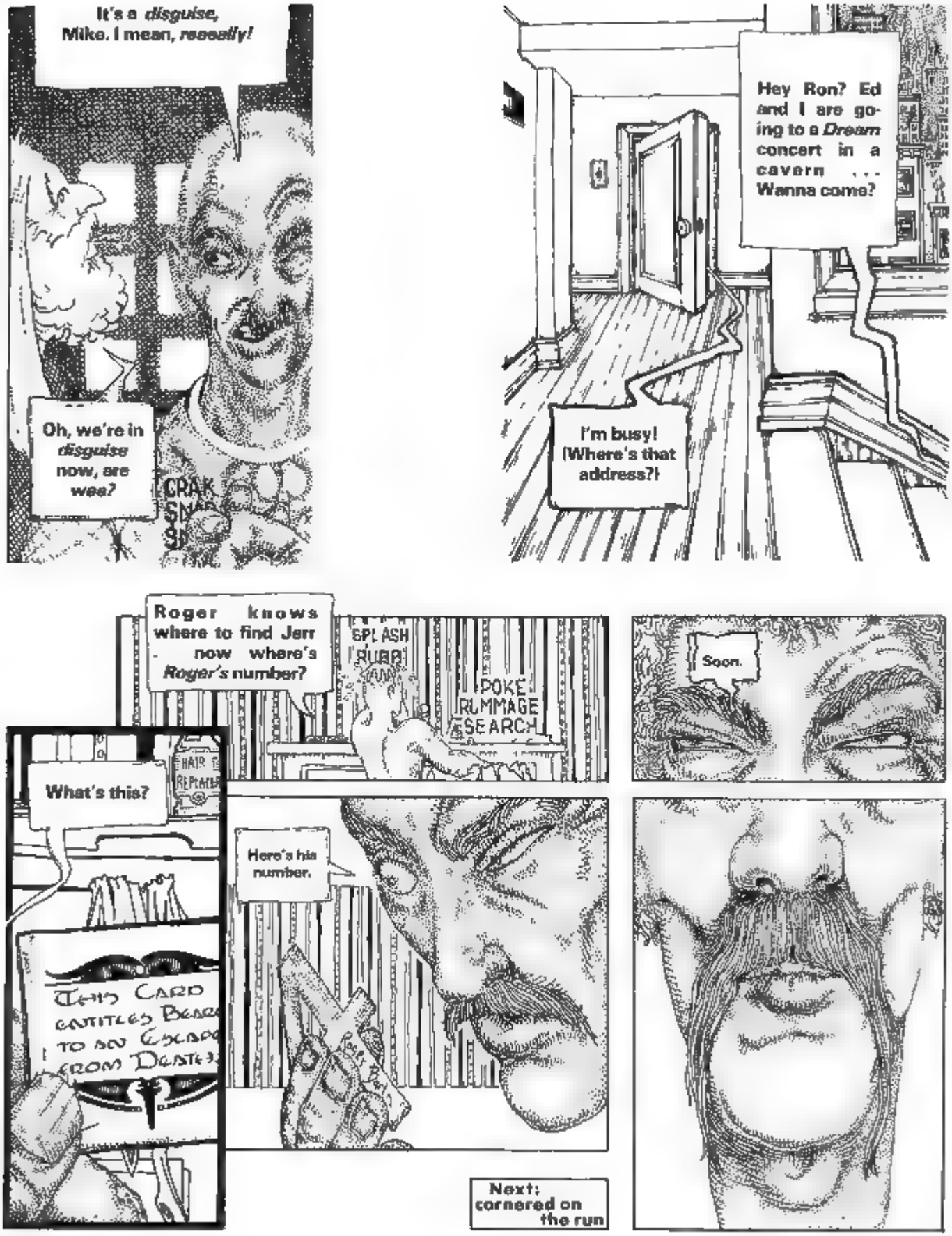


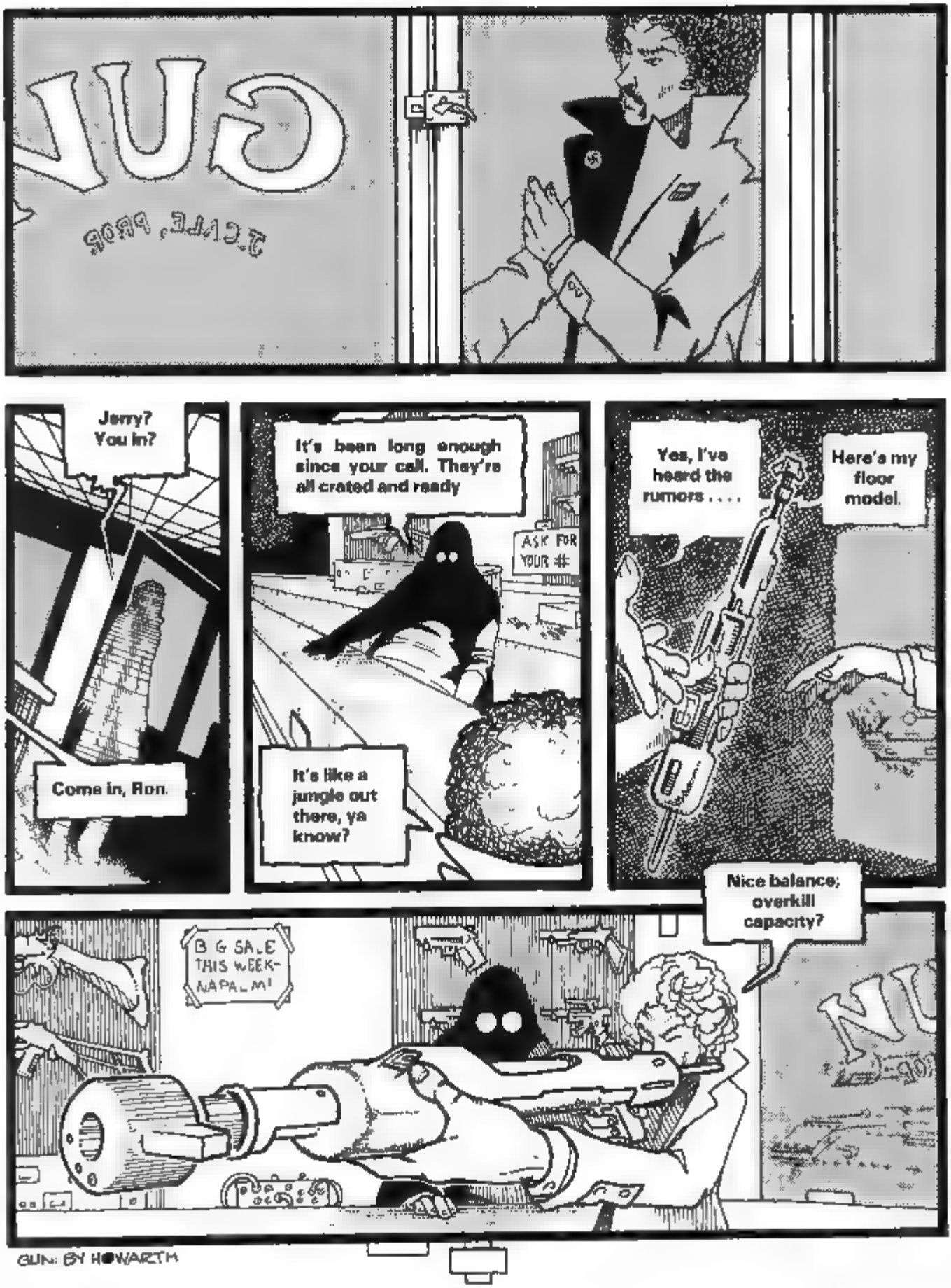
THE COLD FRONT
BY HOWARTH/
THE LATE JILLIAN KERNES

Home at last. . .

Say, Ron. . . Why do you look like that. . .?

FUME


It's a *disguise*, Mike. I mean, *reeeally!*
Oh, we're in *disguise* now, are wee?
CRAK
Hey Ron? Ed and I are going to a *Dream* concert in a cavern ... Wanna come?
I'm busy! (Where's that address?!
Roger knows where to find Jerr - now where's *Roger's* number?
SPLASH
RUBB
POKE
RUMMAGE
SEARCH
Soon.
What's this?
HAIR
REPLACE
Here's his number.
Next: cornered on the run


GUN
SCALE, PROP
Jerry? You in?
Come in, Ron.
It's been long enough since your call. They're all crated and ready
ASK FOR YOUR #
It's like a jungle out there, ya know?
Yes, I've heard the rumors . . . .
Here's my floor model.
Nice balance; overkill capacity?
B G SALE THIS WEEK- NAPALM!
GUN: BY HOWARTH

Bounty hunters...
Tank death
They'll *suffice* for your war?
Maybe.
Thanks, Jerry. One more favor—deliver the crates to *Ed's* base in Venatici. I'm usin' it on loan while he's out with Mike. Here are the coordinates.
Assuredly, Ron. Hope it works out for you...
NEXT: the cerebral cortex of the Bitch

Her splendiferous magnificence will see you now, ingrates.
Check your make-up, luv it's your life

THE ROB

YES!
'S keep yo' cool, bro'. Ah'll do a tawkin'
I don't think you chose a very good level to do this.

Yas'um. Ah'll make this brief, whut' Ah kin see yo' pretty busy.
Mah call's concernin' th' demise a th' Earl, eh hnn?
As yo' no doubt recalls, Boche laid a bad trip onta th' Post bro's, whut wit' th' demon snuff. This here th' bro', Russ (say 'ullo, Russ).
Uh hi.
So?
Well now, we realizes whut they done wuz rash—but, even so's—yo' a grown-up fe'person an' all, an' it wuz hardly apt whu' for Boche done ta them. Hah?
I fail to see why you come to *me*, you grotesquely old man.

Well'n, it wuz ta *mah* un'erstandin', missy, yo' is Boche's heart 'n so'
You've become *insulting*, little man! I have only *revulsion* for the likes of *him*.
Ah sees. . Yo' has no in'erest, th'n, in th' Post bro's problum . . . ?
You *bore* me, toad! *The audience is ended!*
This a development whut need some thinkin' done on. . . .
NEXT deep thawkus overry 'overry

HOWARD CRUSE presents

A Seventies Retrospective

©1980 by H. Cruse

Terrorism Comik
GOO!
A CUTE LITTLE BABY PLAYS HAPPILY
THEN
HA!
Shreek!
THIS ATROCITY IS BEING SPONSORED BY THE OUTLAW LIBERATION PATROL TO DRAMATIZE THE NEED FOR FUNNIER COMIC STRIPS!
Chop Hack
Slash
Manifesto
AMERIKA, WE'VE HAD IT WITH YER "WRY" HUMOR AN' YER VAPID GAGS!
BRING BACK SOME HONEST, WORKING-CLASS SLAPSTICK OR TH' BLOODBATH'LL BE ON YER OWN HEADS!
SPLAT! SPLAT!
Y'SEE? TERRORISM WORKS!!
IF JUST ONE COMIC STRIP OUT THERE BECOMES A LITTLE DROLLER BECAUSE OF OUR ACTION TODAY, THEN THE BLOOD OF THIS INNOCENT CHILD WILL NOT HAVE BEEN SHED IN VAIN!
Ha! HA! HA! HA! HeeHaw! HA! Ha! Chuckle! HA HA HA! TITTER! Ha! HA! HA! HA! ha HA CLAP! ha Giggle! HA! HA! HAW! HAW! CLAP! Snicker! HAHA!

MUZICK: JAMES CHANCE
by Jim Farber

continued from page 6

tude about music which misses the point.

For James Chance the main objective of music is to make people get up and shake whatever can pass for their booties. Interestingly Chance has decided to attack this objective from several different vantage points. He fronts three different disco-funk bands (James White and the Blacks, the Contortions and the Flying Demons, all of which change personnel almost weekly. In addition, the Blacks' show features dancing girls (the Wigglettes), two backup singers (the Disco Lolitas), and a steamy horn section called the Brassy Sass. Chance's bands have so far released two albums on ZE (*Buy the Contortions* and *Off-White*), and the whole ever-shifting conglomerate from these albums is a direct descendant of the George Clinton group of Parliament, Bootsy and Funkadelic bands.

Still, Chance is loathe to admit his influences. Certainly his sax shrieking (an atonal claustrophobic foray into the nearest not-so-funny farm) is derivative of the uninhibited work of Ornette Coleman or John Coltrane. But Chance only admits to liking "the most commercial funk records. I listen to a lot of disco twelve-inchers. I like the producers better than the artists. I like Donna Summer."

Still, twenty-four-year-old Chance did go through a strict jazz period. "When I was thirteen or fourteen I loved rock 'n' roll," he remembers. "But when you're a certain age like in your late teens, jazz seems like a big intellectual thing. It's very elitist. It makes you feel like you're in a special world 'cause you like it. But then when I actually came to New York and found out what the jazz scene was like I was disgusted. It's just boring crap. It was from meeting a lot of artists on that scene that I came to be very against the idea of art."

Random VIOLENCE Comix
GOO!
A CUTE LITTLE BABY PLAYS HAPPILY
THEN
HA!
Shreek!
DON'TCHA JUS' LOVE TH' SOUND O' THIS GRISTLE SNAPPIN' WHEN I CHUNK MY BLADE THROUGH IT, VERMY?
YOU BET, SLIMY? Splicker! HEY, LOOK! HERE COMES GOD!
Plunge
Bludgeon
Chop
Hack
Stab
YOU ASSHOLES! THAT BABY WAS DESTINED TO GROW UP AND SOLVE THE ENERGY CRISIS, MAKE PEACE IN THE MIDEAST AND BANISH FAMINE FOREVER!
DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT YOUR STUPID ACTIONS HAVE DOOMED YOURSELVES AND FUTURE BILLIONS TO EONS MORE OF MISERY, [illegible] AND FEAR?
OY VEY! SPARE ME THESE COMEDIANS!
WELL, EXCU-U-U-USE ME!!!
HA HA! THEY'RE JUST A COUPLE OF WI-I-ILD AND CRA-A-AZY GUYS!

Yet when Chance (born James Siegfried) first came to New York from his hometown Milwaukee in 1976, he tried to break into the reverential loft jazz scene. "I played one loft gig then and went totally berserk," he says. "I trashed the whole audience. I can't even stand going to clubs much less lofts. I don't like it when it's so focused on the performer. I like it to be a more relaxed situation where people have something else to do other than stare at you. I'd rather they just drink and throw up."

Chance first began honking his sax on the vomit club circuit (places like CBGB's and Max's) in the fall of 1977. The original Contortions of that time were recorded only once, on Eno's 1978 *No New York* album. "I really didn't like the way *No New York* came out," Chance admits. "It was okay for the lousy budget, but Eno tried to do it totally live and it just didn't work."

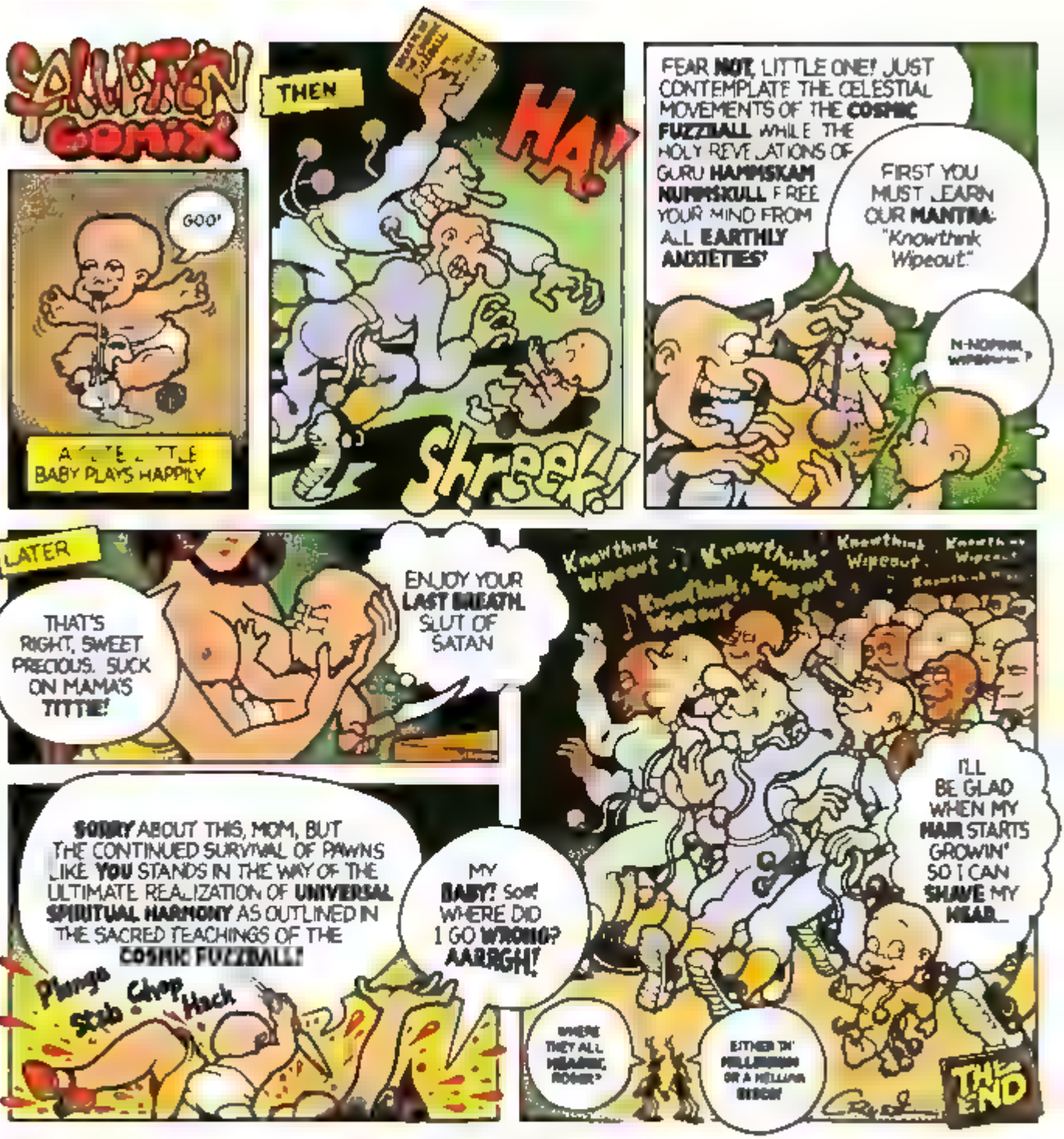
This past fall James released the two ZE records. Both feature sounds that should measure around nine on the Richter scale, causing a direct implosion of your frontal lobes. *Off White* (the James White and the Blacks album) is the more focused of the two, playing with the old Bonzo Dog Band idea of "only blue men can play the whites." The music forms a great internal contradiction with the formalism of repetitive funk distorted by sax solos that seem like an aural stroll through the mind of Charlie Manson. It's a perfect soundtrack for those, like Chance, who claim to enjoy being irritated. There are some arguable debts here to early Captain Beefheart (particularly 1966's *Mirror Man*). But a song like "Contort Yourself" is just pure catchy disco that would feel at home on any polyester dance floor.

One of the most brilliantly deranged moments of the disc is the band's reworking of Irving Berlin's "Tropical Heat Wave," where it seems like the vocalists and James's sax have just downed about twenty margaritas each. Also impressive is the integration of certain sounds. For instance, in "Stained Sheets" there is a *musique concrete* effect with a phone. Ringing early in the track, it is so well coordinated with the mehly, funky rhythm that you never feel a need for a logical conclusion to the scene. It actually comes as a surprise when the phone is picked up and we begin to hear some of the most delightfully unappetizing sexual groans yet recorded.

It's this kind of antiart humor that Chance uses to take away any stray solemn edges from his music. One of Chance's recent messages on his phone answering system is equally charming. "We're not available right now," it begins. "If you're *lucky* we'll get back to you. If not, try again after the sun goes down."

Luckily for Chance, this persona does not seem at all contrived. He seems a natural for the brooding nasty, even with his slight fragile figure. It was just this belief in persona as a helpful embellisher of music that drew him to forms other than the strictly musical" jazz. He needed a more literary, translatable conveyer, even though his music is certainly fascinating enough without its lyrics and hysterical live dimension. "Jazz is on one level," he explains. "It can never be larger than life."

James looks forward to creating a future concert atmosphere that goes even further beyond the musical. "I'd like to fashion a whole environment for people: sound, lights,


SALVATION COMIX
GOO!
A LITTLE BABY PLAYS HAPPILY
THEN
HA!
Shreek!
FEAR NOT, LITTLE ONE! JUST CONTEMPLATE THE CELESTIAL MOVEMENTS OF THE COSMIC FUZZBALL WHILE THE HOLY REVELATIONS OF GURU HAMMSKAM NUMMSKULL FREE YOUR MIND FROM ALL EARTHLY ANXIETIES'
FIRST YOU MUST LEARN OUR MANTRA: "Knowthink Wipeout."
N-NOHMM, wipeout?
LATER
THAT'S RIGHT, SWEET PRECIOUS. SUCK ON MAMA'S TITTIE!
ENJOY YOUR LAST BREATH, SLUT OF SATAN
Knowthink Wipeout
SORRY ABOUT THIS, MOM, BUT THE CONTINUED SURVIVAL OF PAWNS LIKE YOU STANDS IN THE WAY OF THE ULTIMATE REALIZATION OF UNIVERSAL SPIRITUAL HARMONY AS OUTLINED IN THE SACRED TEACHINGS OF THE COSMIC FUZZBALL!
MY BABY? Son! WHERE DID I GO WRONG? AARRGH!
Plunge Stab Chop Hack
I'LL BE GLAD WHEN MY HAIR STARTS GROWIN' SO I CAN SHAVE MY HEAD...
WHERE THEY ALL HEADIN', ROGER?
EITHER IN' HELLBROOM OR A HELLMA RIDIN'
THE END

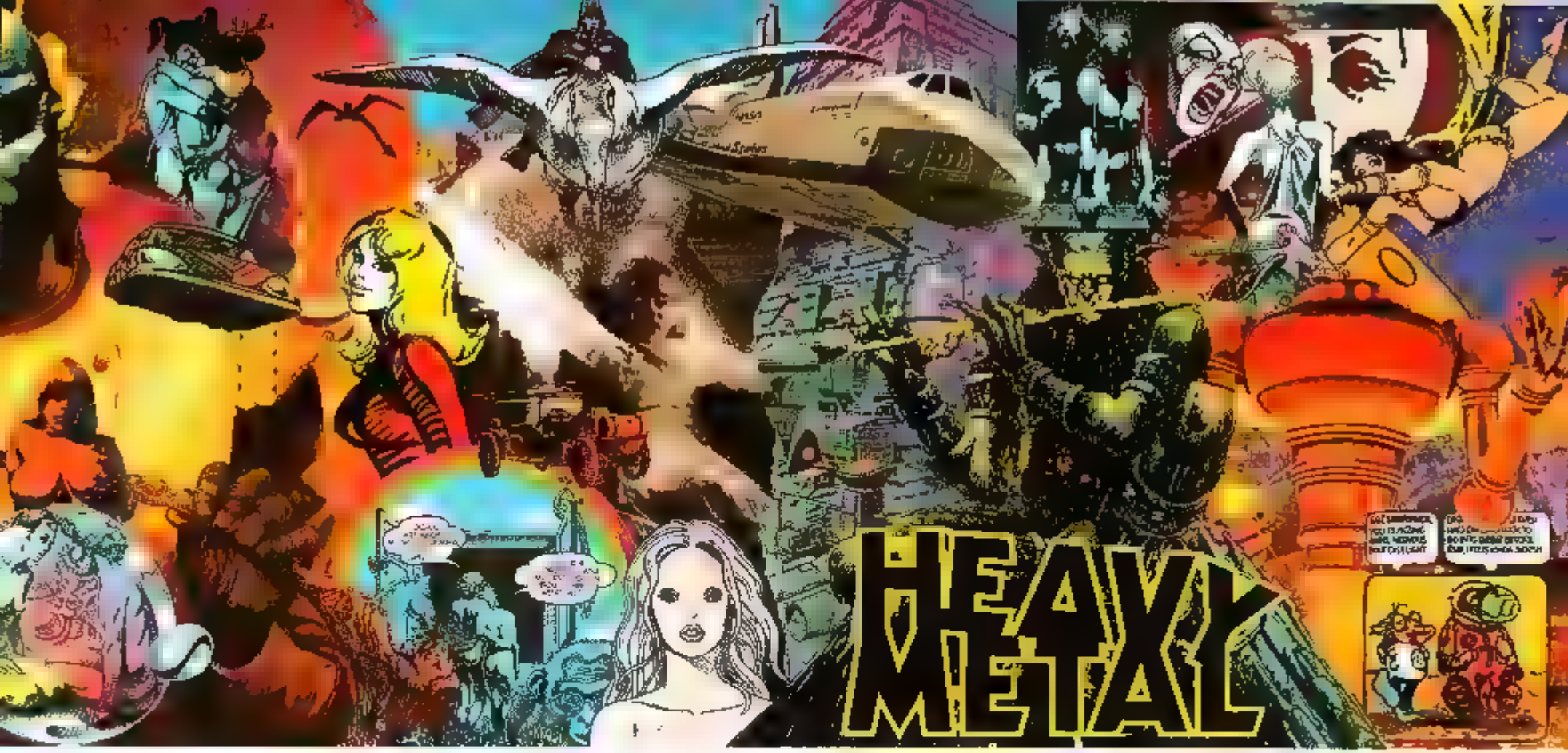
Maybe lower the temperature drastically make the crowd uncomfortable. Actually most clubs are uncomfortable enough the way they are. I'd also like to play behind a big, clear screen that is impregnable. It would be comfortably air conditioned back there only where I am.

Partly to express this distance and partly because of its predictability, Chance no longer openly strangles members of the crowd with his microphone cord. "I don't want that close contact with them," he sneers. "I don't want to have to touch them."

More importantly, Chance has created a distance from his record company as well. According to James, one bone of contention between him and ZE is his unusual approach to touring. "I'm not into this cut-rate approach that a lot of new wave bands have where you pile into a van and play at any old dump. I like it to be done professionally. I like to play cities one at a time and then go right back home. I think the whole idea of touring is dying. In the future there'll be more emphasis on video."

Right now, though, Chance is looking to translate this excitement better onto records to correct his problems with the first two albums. "I want an improvement in musicianship," says Chance, who demonstrates or writes out all the parts for each player. In the two albums it wasn't consistent enough. There were moments of inspiration. But I want the drummer *always* right in there. I don't want the tempos to be wavering. Also, I'm moving away from making music as atonal as before. I find that when you make everything atonal it makes the sound kind of small.

Chance feels his music, even in its most zonked-out moments, is commercial enough to go all the way and cites George Clinton as proof of similar success. "Commercial is whatever sells," he says. "And a lot of commercial sounding stuff sells nothing. I'm not in a big hurry to run out and play everywhere. I'd rather people come to me. I'm not going to go to them." ●



COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL, 1977 The Collector's Edition, with the debut of Moebius's 'Arzach,' Corben's 'Den,' Bodé's 'Sunpot,' and more ($5.00)

#2/MAY, 1977 Russian astronauts, Roger the paranoid puppet, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more ($4.00)

#3/JUNE, 1977 Macedo's 'Rockbillz,' the highly praised 'Shells,' the beginning of Dave's 'World Apart,' Moebius, Corben, Bodé, more ($3.00)

#4/JULY, 1977: Loss of Moebius' 'Arzach,' plus part one of 'The Long Tomorrow,' also the final installment of 'Sunpot.' ($3.00)

#5/AUGUST 1977: The saga of Polonius begins, 'The Long Tomorrow' concludes, and 'The World Apart' and 'Den' continue ($3.00)

#6/SEPTEMBER, 1977: Roger Zelazny has a short story, Moebius a space opera, plus more 'World Apart,' 'Den,' and 'Polonius' ($3.00)

#7/OCTOBER, 1977 Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's 'Airtight Garage,' 'Den' and 'Polonius' redux, yet more ($3.00)

#8/NOVEMBER, 1977: New Harlan Ellison fiction, nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for 'Polonius' and 'World Apart.' ($3.00)

#9/DECEMBER, 1977 Extra pages for the complete 'Yuzz' by Druillet, 'Fortune's Fool' by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color contributions form Corben, Macedo, Clévelouc, and Moebius ($3.00)

#10/JANUARY, 1978: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Richard update Ulysses, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues ($3.00)

#11/FEBRUARY, 1978: New adventures of Barbarella, wraparound cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius, Corben, et al ($3.00)

#12/MARCH, 1978: Swashbuckling 'Orion' makes a debut, courtesy of Gray Morrow, and there's more 'Barbarella,' more 'Jim,' and yet more 'Den.' ($3.00)

#13/APRIL, 1978: Our first anniversary issue! A thirty-page insert from Paradox 9, and Barbarella gives birth, while Dan wraps it up. ($3.00)

#14/MAY, 1978: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino lips his hat. ($3.00)

#15/JUNE, 1978: Corben introduces Shahrazad, Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Hellman." ($3.00)

#16/JULY 1978: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," the resumption of Druillet's "Gail," yet more "Hellman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights." ($3.00)

#17/AUGUST, 1978: Sorry—SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER, 1978: Corben's "Sindbad," Moebius's "Major ," "Hellman," "Orion," "Lone Sloane on Gail," and Harlan Ellison top. ($3.00)

#19/OCTOBER, 1978: "Extermineter 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," the debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus the usual. ($3.00)

#20/NOVEMBER, 1978: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator ," Major Grubert, Hellman's final rebirth, more. ($3.00)

#21/DECEMBER, 1978: The stocking's full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tarot," and twelve beautiful pages of Moebius. ($3.00)

#22/JANUARY, 1978: Trina makes her debut here, and Druillet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben. How much can you take? ($3.00)

#23/FEBRUARY, 1979: "Galactic Geographic," Starcrown, Corben's "Sindbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus Moebius, Bilal, and Macedo. ($3.00)

#24/MARCH, 1979: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II, and Ellison's lone show. ($3.00)

#25/APRIL, 1979: Our second birthday bash, with Chaykin's "Gideon Faust," and "Alien" portfolio, Vaughn's "Time Out," more. ($3.00)

#26/MAY, 1979: It's all-American (except for Druillet's "Delirium" and a Proust joke!), fifteen entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated "Alien." ($3.00)

#27/JUNE, 1979: Fifty-four pages of "Captain Future," plus more illustrated Alien, and the final episode of "So Beautiful and So Dangerous." ($3.00)

#28/JULY, 1979: Bode's "Zodiac" premieres, Corben's "Sindbad" concludes, Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts. ($3.00)

#29/AUGUST, 1979: Caza steals the show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bode, more. ($3.00)

#30/SEPTEMBER, 1979: Elric, Buck Rogers, a lizard named Elvis and "Little Red V-3," alongside Manvelle and Moebius. ($3.00)

#31/OCTOBER, 1979: Halloween stories with a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft with Moebius, Druillet, Suydam, others. ($3.00)

#32/NOVEMBER, 1979: Let us give thanks for Corben's "Rowlf," Bode's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more. ($3.00)

#33/DECEMBER, 1979: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kaluta, Suydam, Stiles, Trina Moebius and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants." ($3.00)

#34/JANUARY, 1980: A new year—a new decade—begins with a new look for *HM* with the debut of four new columnists, new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan, the conclusion of Corben's "Rowlf," and much more! ($3.00)

#35/FEBRUARY 1980: An eerie Corben cover adorns this winter issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfcat" begins, McKie Experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip. ($3.00)

#36/MARCH, 1980: Why did The Cranberries take Jeannette? For the answer read the Schanes Bros. strip! Plus: Corben, Mebius, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's "Good Vibrations." ($3.00)

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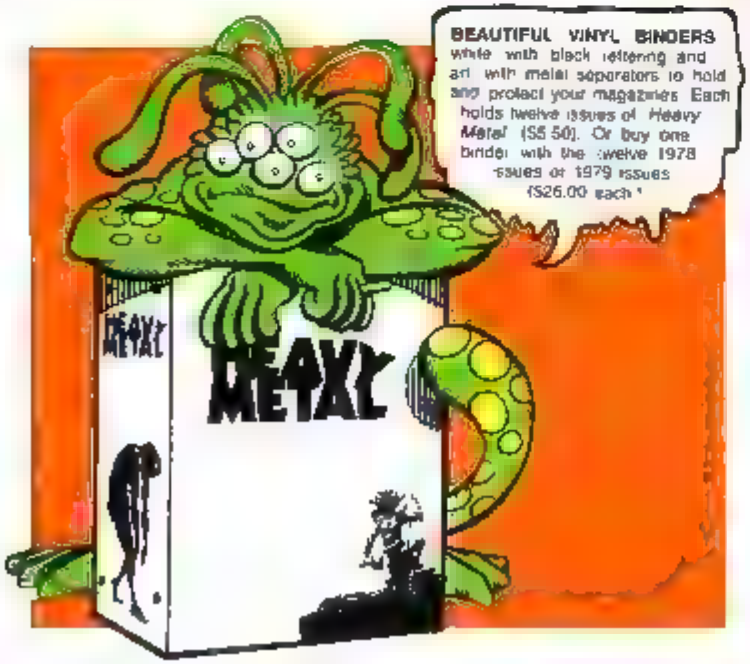
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NO!

YOU IDIOT! NOW I'VE LOST EVERY-THING!

THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR ME NOW!
I'M STILL HERE!

AREN'T I BEAUTIFUL?

PERHAPS
NO, IT'S TOO LATE!
AND THOSE WHO COME HAVE THEIR MASKS AND CAN KILL.

KRAOO
THEY ARE BLIND. I THINK
I'M AFRAID! IT'S ALL MY FAULT NOW YOU CAN'T EVEN DEFEND YOURSELF. WE SHALL BE KILLED!
AAAA

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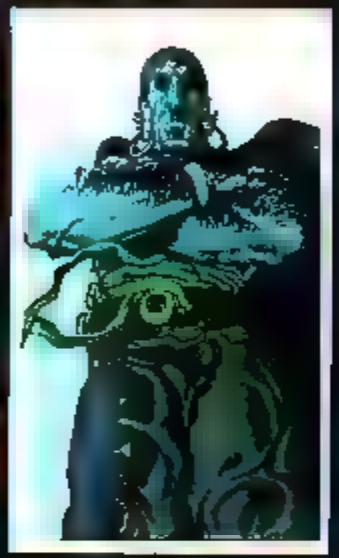

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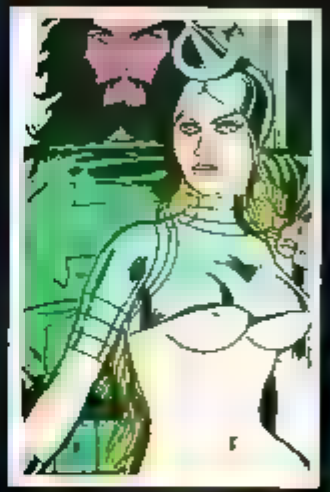

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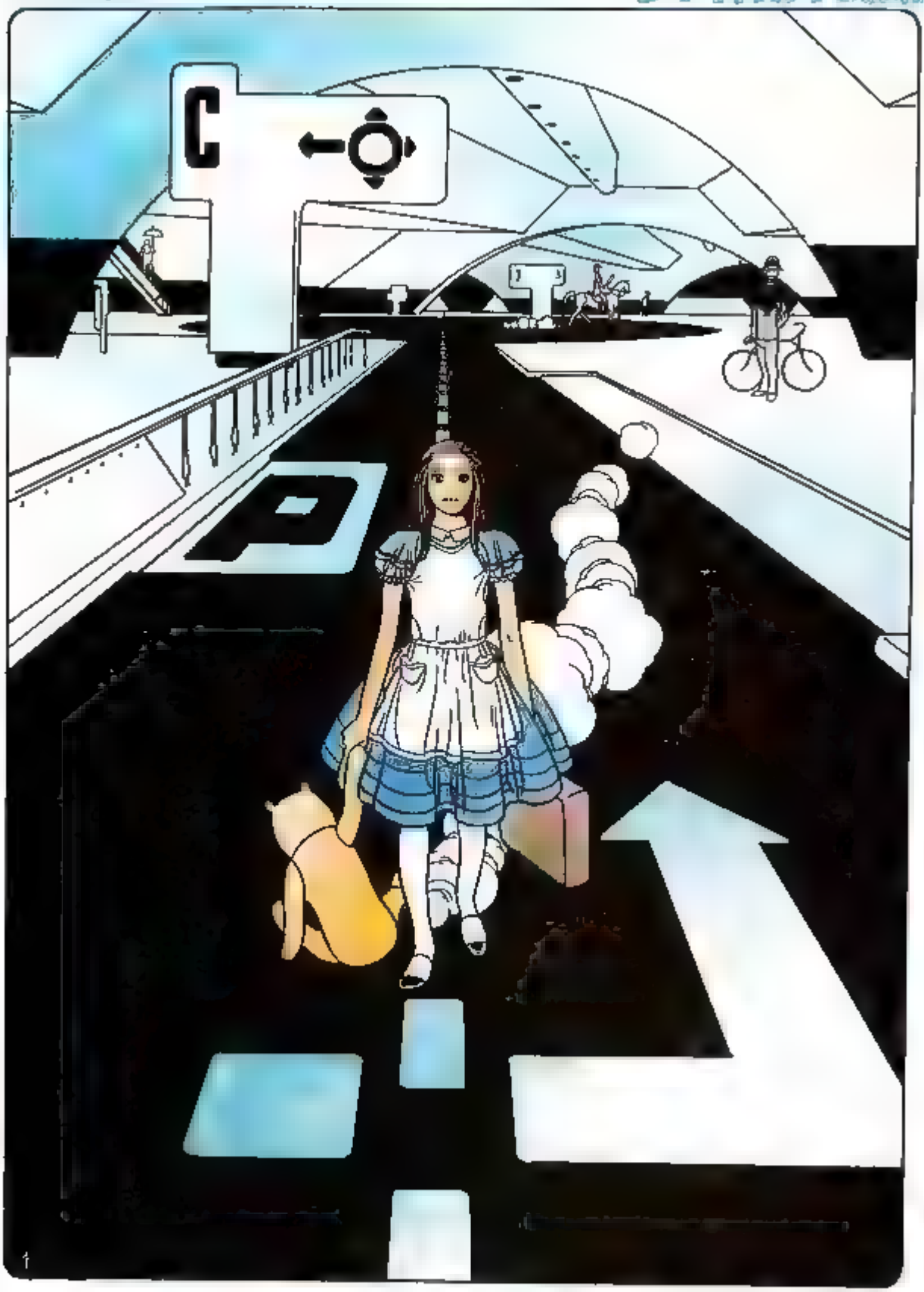
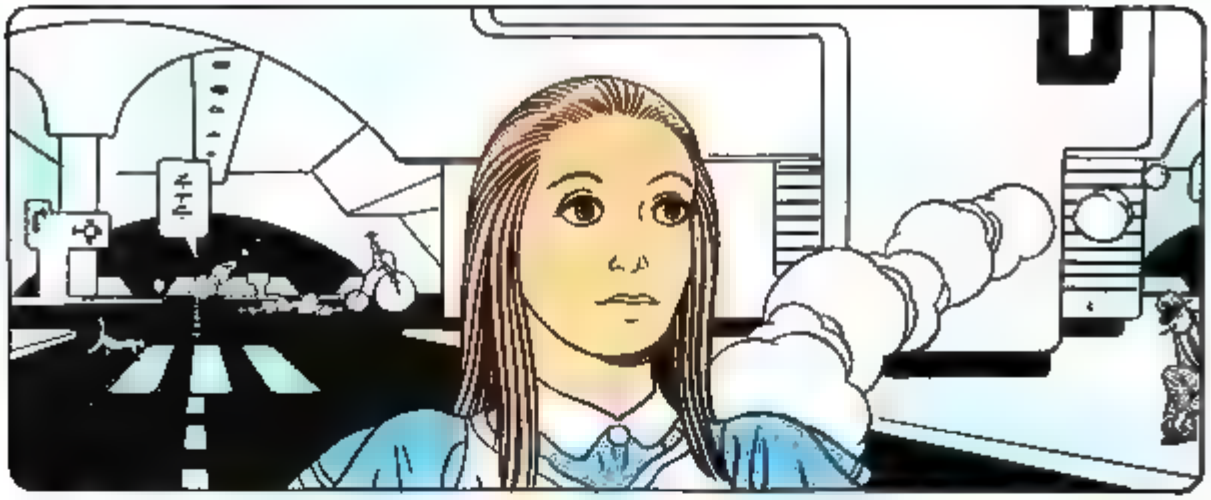
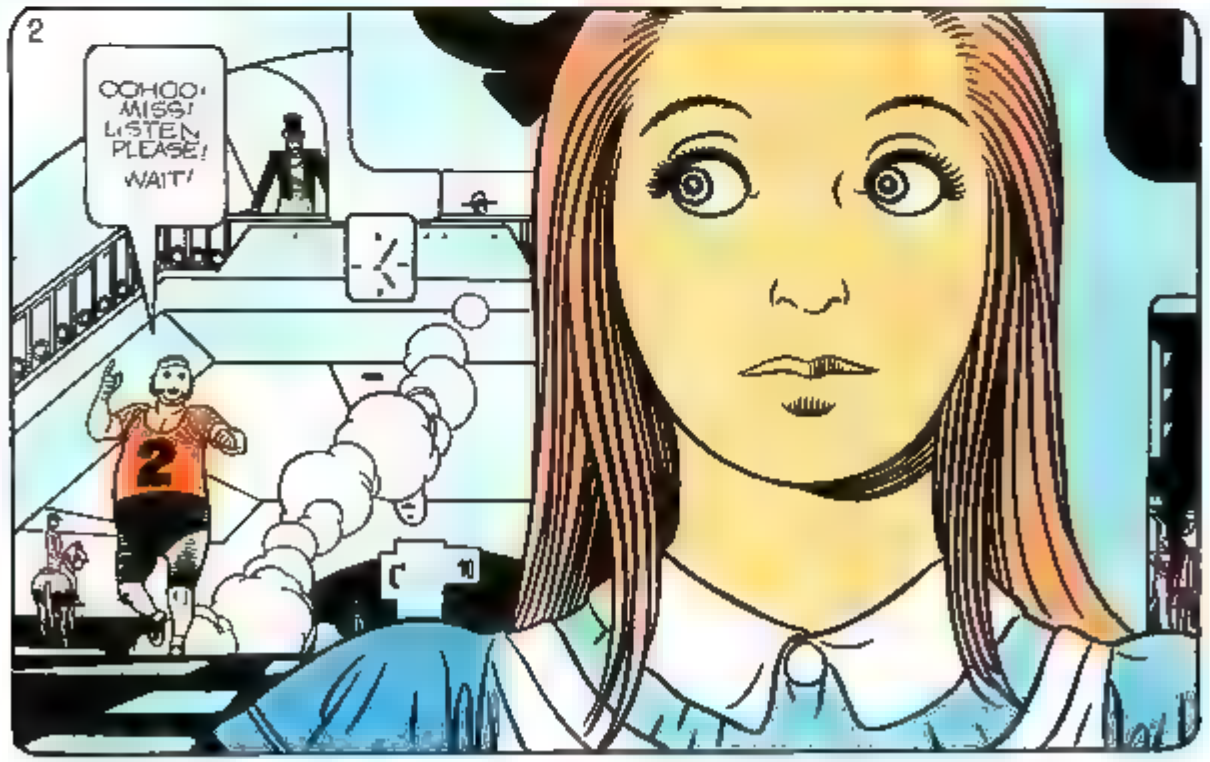
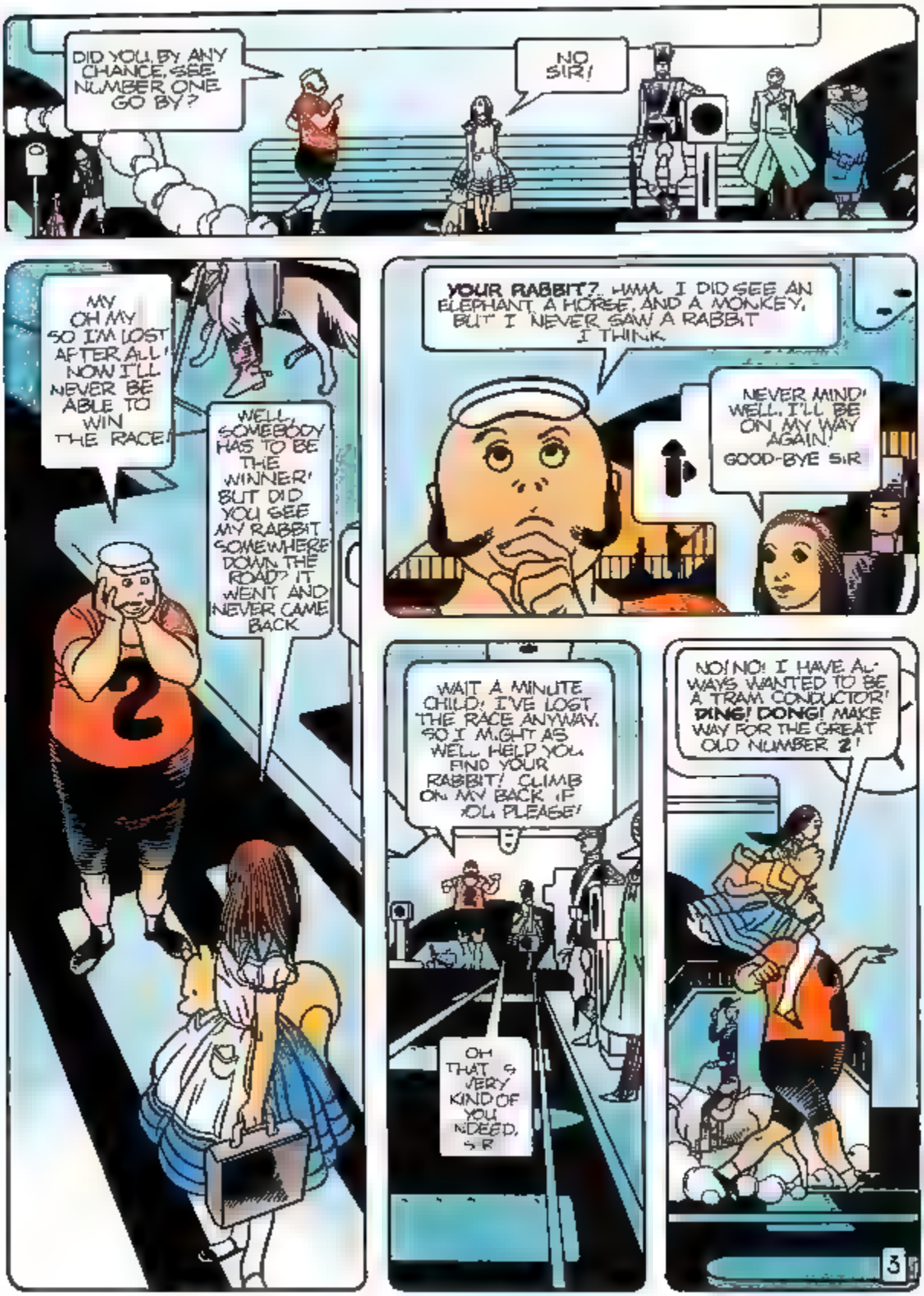
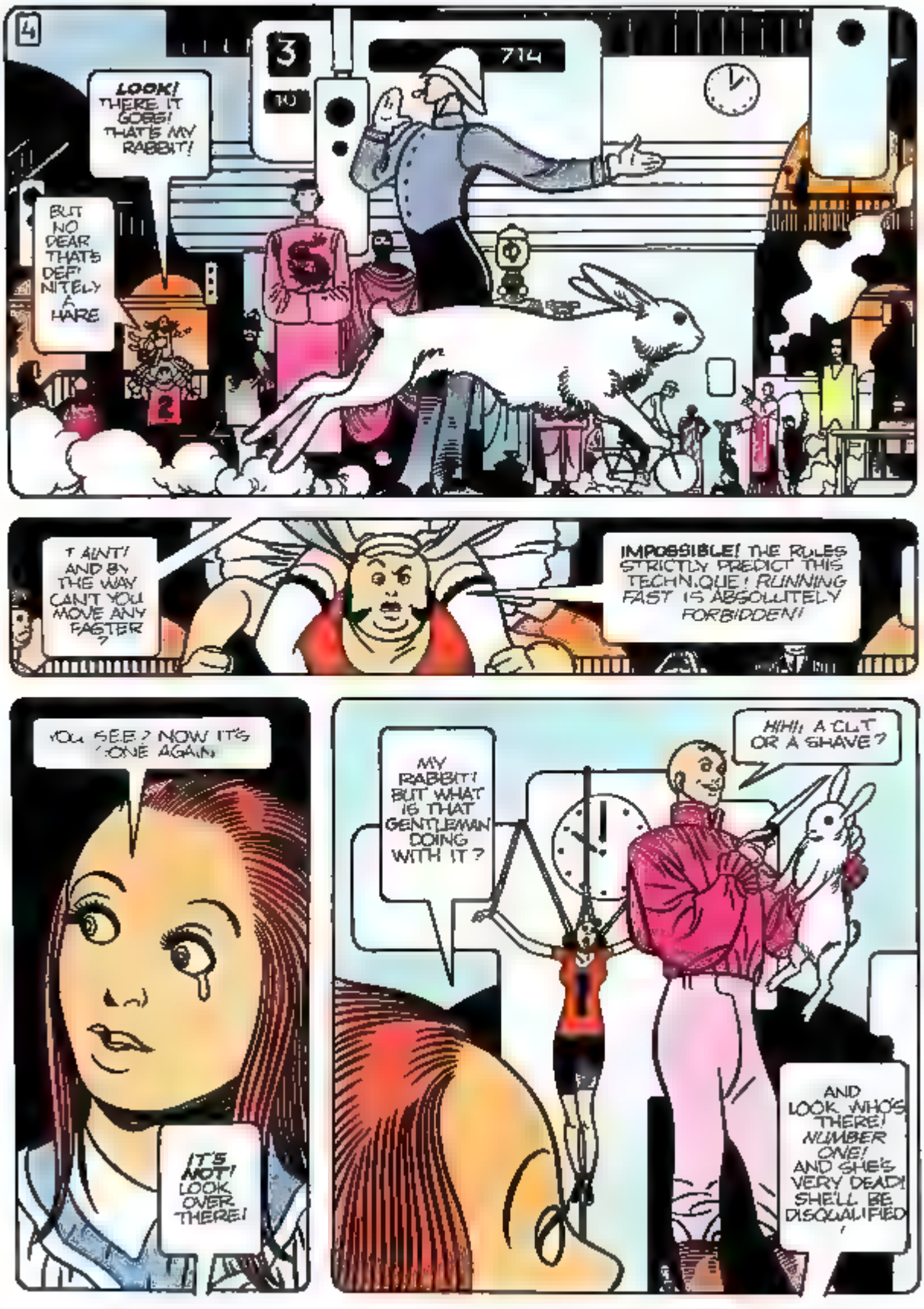




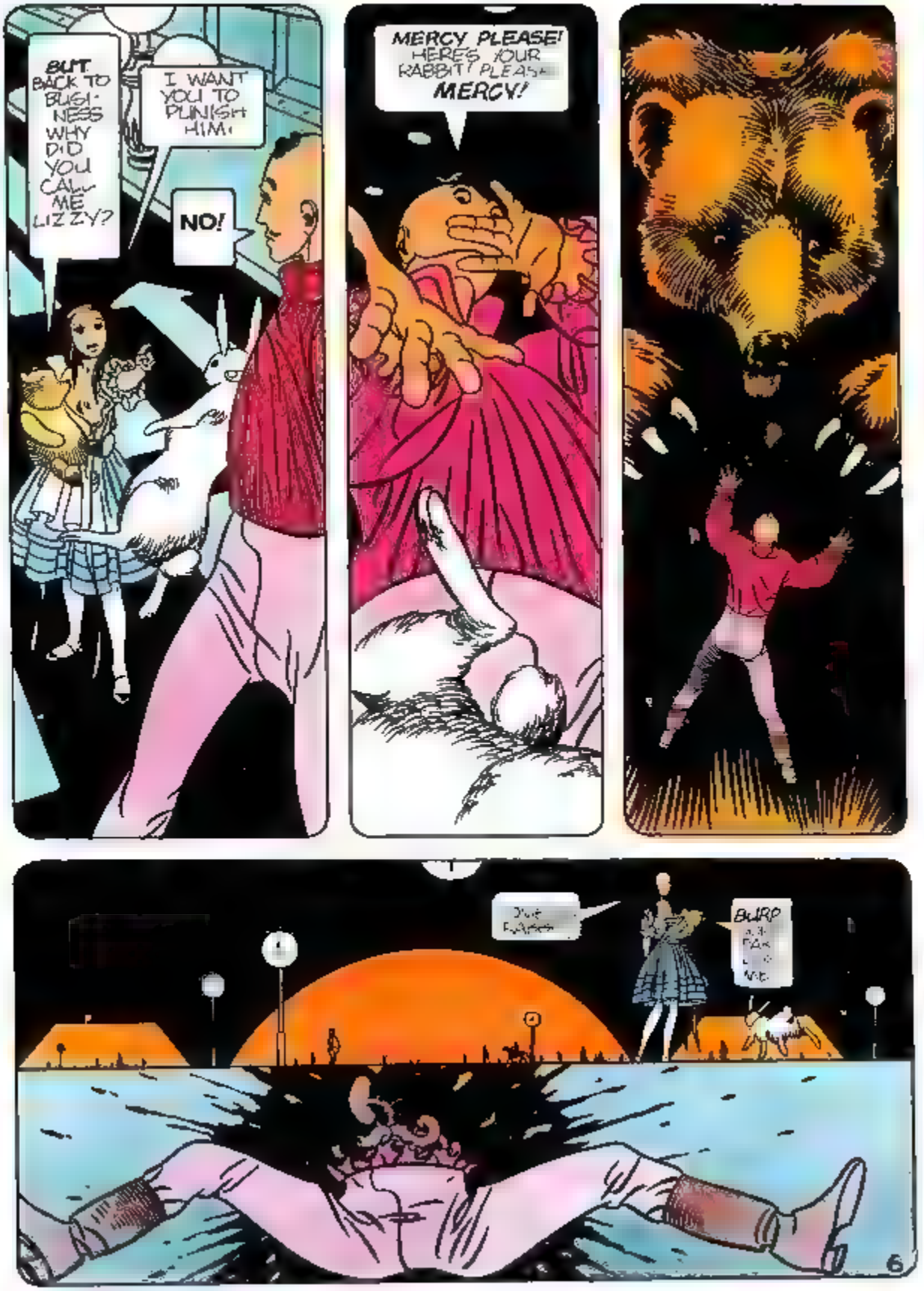
MISS
HEY MISS
LISTEN PLEASE
LISTEN


2
OOHOO! MISS! LISTEN PLEASE! WAIT!
2


DID YOU, BY ANY CHANCE, SEE NUMBER ONE GO BY?
NO SIR!
MY OH MY SO I'M LOST AFTER ALL! NOW I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO WIN THE RACE!
WELL, SOMEBODY HAS TO BE THE WINNER! BUT DID YOU SEE MY RABBIT SOMEWHERE DOWN THE ROAD? IT WENT AND NEVER CAME BACK
YOUR RABBIT? HMM. I DID SEE AN ELEPHANT, A HORSE, AND A MONKEY, BUT I NEVER SAW A RABBIT I THINK.
NEVER MIND! WELL, I'LL BE ON MY WAY AGAIN! GOOD-BYE SIR
WAIT A MINUTE CHILD! I'VE LOST THE RACE ANYWAY, SO I MIGHT AS WELL HELP YOU FIND YOUR RABBIT! CLIMB ON MY BACK IF YOU PLEASE!
OH THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOU INDEED, SIR
NO! NO! I HAVE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A TRAM CONDUCTOR! DING! DONG! MAKE WAY FOR THE GREAT OLD NUMBER 2!
3


4
3
714
10
LOOK! THERE IT GOES! THAT'S MY RABBIT!
BUT NO DEAR THAT'S DEFINITELY A HARE
2
I AIN'T! AND BY THE WAY CAN'T YOU MOVE ANY FASTER?
IMPOSSIBLE! THE RULES STRICTLY PREDICT THIS TECHNIQUE! RUNNING FAST IS ABSOLUTELY FORBIDDEN!
YOU SEE? NOW IT'S GONE AGAIN
IT'S NOT! LOOK OVER THERE!
MY RABBIT! BUT WHAT IS THAT GENTLEMAN DOING WITH IT?
HIHI! A CUT OR A SHAVE?
AND LOOK WHO'S THERE! NUMBER ONE! AND SHE'S VERY DEAD! SHE'LL BE DISQUALIFIED!

IF YOU GIVE ME BACK MY RABBIT I'LL LET YOU HAVE THIS TEDDY BEAR!
YOU MUST BE KIDDIN'! CHANGIN A LIVE ANIMAL FOR A TOY! HA!
WITH NUMBER ONE DEAD, I'VE COME TO THE END OF MY ROAD! FARE-WELL!
SPLASH
BUT THIS IS NO ORDI-NARY TOY!
WHAT? YOU MEAN ...? NO! IT CAN'T BE!
OH, YES IT CAN
5
HMM! THAT DOES TASTE MIGHTY FINE!


BUT BACK TO BUSINESS WHY DID YOU CALL ME LIZZY?
I WANT YOU TO PUNISH HIM.
NO!
MERCY PLEASE! HERE'S YOUR RABBIT! PLEASE MERCY!
BURP
6

PSSST! OVER HERE LITTLE GIRL! FOR A NICE SOUVENIR OF A PLEASANT DAY!
A PHOTOGRAPHER! HOW NICE. SHALL I?
7
AAH!
OH!
HELL! STUPID ANIMAL!
AAAAA!...
THANK YOU, DEARIE YOU DID A VERY GOOD THING FOR A LOT OF POOR AND LONELY ELDER GENTS!
UNCLE CHARLES !?! YOU OLD RASCAL YOU!

COULD IT BE? IS THAT REALLY YOU? SUCH A BIG GIRL ALREADY!
HAHA! BUT NOT TOO BIG FOR YOU, EH. SUGAR DADDY OF MINE!
LITTLE DORRIT IS BIG DORRIT NOW!... BUT STILL THE SAME NAUGHTY GIRL, EH?
MY NAME ISN'T DORRIT!
...AND YOU'RE NOT UNCLE CHARLES! I CAN SEE THAT NOW!
I AIN'T? WELL I'LL BE...!? BUT WHO AM I THEN? THE LAST THING I REMEMBER WAS THIS LITTLE MERMAID AND I...
L'IL MERMAID, EH? THEY OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT DIRTY OLD MEN LIKE YOU!
HELP! POLICE! I'M BEING RAPED!
SHHT! BE QUIET, DEAR! DO YOU WANT THEM TO PUT ME IN PRISON?
YES!
WE HAD OUR EYE ON YOU FOR A LONG TIME!
OLD PEEPIN' TOM!
YET, I MUST ADMIRE HIS TASTE!
HEY! YOU'RE FORGETTING ME!
RUN ALONG WITH ME, THEN! I ALWAYS WANTED A TEDDY! MY NAME IS CHRISTOPHER! WHAT'S YOURS?
8
I'M GLAD I FOUND YOU, RABBIT! IT'S ALMOST CHRISTMAS EVE AND I'M STARVING! LET'S GO HOME!

THE END.

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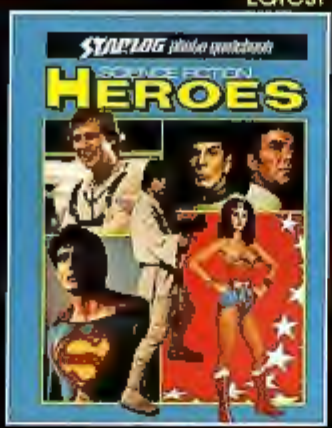

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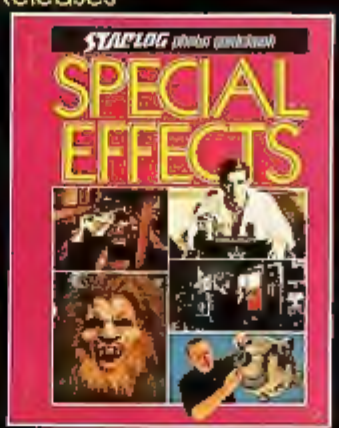

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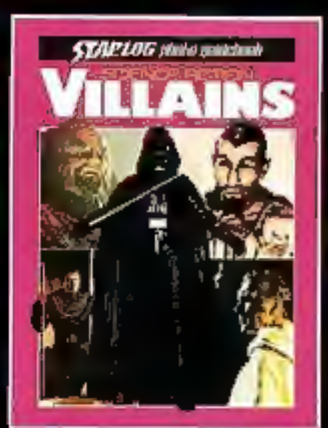

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